

The Nation

VOL. XXVIII., No. 8.]
Postage U.K. and Abroad 1d.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1920.

[PRICE 9D.
Registered as a Newspaper.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	261	ART:—	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Mr. Kennington's War Pic-	
France, Wrangel, and Our-		tures. By J. Middleton	
selves ...	264	Murry ...	276
The Blockade of Ireland ...	265	SHORT STUDIES:—	
Medicine for Our Money Ills	267	"Dance Nature." By	
THE SCOTTISH LIQUOR POLLS.		Frederick Niven ...	277
By Arthur Sherwell ...	268	POETRY:—	
MR. GEORGE AND THE CON-		Reunion in War. By	
STITUTION.—IV. By Harold		Edmund Blunden ...	278
J. Laski ...	269	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
A LONDON DIARY. By A		H. M. T. ...	280
Wayfarer ...	271	REVIEWS:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		The Novelist Turned Biolo-	
The Revolt of Science ...	273	gist. By Havelock Ellis	282
On Learning Languages. By		Continuations ...	284
R. L. G. ...	274	The Case of Constantine I.	286
THE DRAMA:—		Novels of Analysis ...	288
"Macbeth" to Music. By		BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	288
H. W. M. ...	276	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
		Our City Editor ...	290

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

PART of the New Tory Policy is the Repeal of the Parliament Act.

Two events of the week have dealt heavy blows to the policy of the Allies in general, and of France in particular, in the East. M. Venizelos has fallen, leaving Mr. George as the only survivor of Versailles, and General Wrangel has been driven from the Crimea. M. Venizelos had hitherto governed by reviving the Chamber before the last, and this week he faced the voters for the first time. So confident was he of the result that he suspended martial law a week before the polling, allowed the Press to write freely, and permitted the Opposition chiefs to return to Greece. This lapse into a seven days' liberalism was evidently rash. He failed to carry a single seat in Old Greece or Macedonia, and won his minority of 118, or a little more, against 250, mostly in Asia Minor and the islands. He himself and most of his Ministers were personally defeated and though some returns have still to come in from the army and the new territories, he has accepted the verdict, resigned office, and departed for Egypt. The result has startled the whole Press, both here and in France. We did not expect even moderately free elections, but otherwise the result confirms the view of Greek affairs which we have always taken. We maintained that two-thirds of the Greek nation were for neutrality—a neutrality essentially friendly to the Allies—but against the Venizelist policy of intervention in the war. Since the Allies forcibly imposed him on the country, he has even further alienated it by his ruthless policy of repression.

THE poll shows how bitterly the Greeks resented the rough foreign intervention, by blockade and naval landing, which drove them into the war. They might have been placated by the gifts of territory which the Allies showered upon them, had not M. Venizelos made his "strong hand" intolerably heavy. The suspension of the constitution, the dismissal of judges and bishops of the rival parties, the unrelenting persecution of individuals, and the suppression (till the last week) of free speech—all this was a novelty in Greek history,

and it has not proved a successful innovation. Nor did M. Venizelos assail only the middle-class opposition. His hand was very heavy on the Socialist and Labor parties, which are strong in Salonica and the Piræus. In the former town he ruled by "black and tan" terrorism. The conscripts and their families resented the continued mobilization, and apparently the risks and costs of warlike adventure have outweighed the glories of Imperialism. Prices, moreover, were fantastically high. On the other hand the legend of Constantine, the Patriot King who won the Balkan War, survived, and sentiment rallied to him as a martyr—all the more as he is currently spoken of as Constantine XI, the predestined Emperor of Byzantium.

THE Greek vote is a direct rebuff for Allied policy. The French, British, Serbian, and American Ministers in Athens actually intervened in the elections by publishing declarations to the effect that Constantine would never be pardoned, and would, if he ascended the throne, always be treated as an enemy. Even now that the popular will has been declared, the French Foreign Office renews its veto, pretending to speak in the name of all the Allies. The British Press seems to approve, but we doubt whether this time we shall act with the violence which France will urge upon us. By what right we can forbid the Greek people to "choose their own governors" passes our understanding. England might prefer that Greece should take the Republican solution, but that is no business of ours, and there can be no liberty in Greece under foreign dictation. The danger of the position is that the French seem to be using it to further the worst of all possible policies in the East. "Let us," they say, "throw over the Greeks, make terms with the Turkish nationalists, isolate them from Russia, and then turn all our forces to overthrow the Soviet Republic." If that meant the abandonment of conquest and exploitation in the East, we should approve. But it means only more conquest and more exploitation, with the overthrow of the one force in the East which resists Imperialism.

THE overthrow of General Wrangel has been as complete as that of Denikin, and even more sudden. Much of the news seems to us fantastic. It is hard to believe that the sea was frozen in mid-November (usually a mild month in South Russia), and we doubt the story of poison gas. The only certain fact is that the Red Cavalry seized the railway causeway leading into the Crimean peninsula, and so got behind the strong defences of the isthmus of Perekop. Wrangel's army collapsed in the usual state of demoralization, and as always happens in these White adventures, the population rose behind it. The General abandoned Sevastopol without an attempt to defend it, and most of his forces seem to have got away on French warships. Let us hope that France will do her duty towards her protégés. The Soviet Government, by this swift and efficient campaign, may have saved Russia from imminent famine. The truce which has been won will enable her to use her railway system for civilian transport, and so to bring the grain of the outlying provinces to Central Russia, where the droughts caused this year a failure of the harvest. We do not regard as serious the little invasions which

Balahovitch and Petliura are carrying on from the West, with more or less open aid from Poland, and the news indicates that even the weak forces left behind on the Polish front are managing to repel them.

* * *

PUBLIC loathing of "reprisals" increases every day. The Labor Party has issued a most impressive manifesto declaring that by its outrages on public order and morality the Cabinet had forfeited its right to govern Ireland, and pronouncing for the withdrawal of our armed forces and the assembly of an "entirely free" Constituent Irish Assembly. Similar proposals have come from Major-General Davison and other distinguished English soldiers, and from Mr. Gould, the Unionist Member for Cardiff. The Labor Party is sending a powerful deputation to Ireland, which official assassins will touch at their peril, and will permanently retain a delegate there. This is good and firm politics. The movement of moral revolt also goes on. Seventeen Bishops of the Anglican Church, following the Primate's lead, have signed a letter condemning British reprisals no less strongly than Irish assassinations. As for the character of the Government's defence, it may be imagined when we say that Sir Hamar Greenwood, dealing with the murder of a pregnant woman by Black-and-Tans, described the fatal shot, in the words of the Court of Inquiry, as a "precautionary measure," and admitted that the murder of a girl of twelve was due to an officer firing at an unarmed "youth" who was running away. This man—who dares to describe himself as a Liberal—also warmly defended the practice of firing on runaway persons.

* * *

A GENERAL Irish railway stoppage is now imminent. At the All-Ireland Labor Congress on Tuesday the final decision was left to the railwaymen themselves, but it is pretty clear from the attitude of the Congress and of the railwaymen present that they will not recede from their position. They refuse to carry armed forces and war material used in Ireland to bomb and burn down Irish towns, to kill women, children, and unborn babes, and to shoot civilians. The Government, in its turn, has directed the railway directors, to whom they pay subsidies necessary to the financial well-being of their companies, to dismiss the recusants, and through this continued dismissal of the men the railway systems are crumbling into inaction. The final decision of the railwaymen ensures a general stoppage outside a few counties in North-East Ulster, and creates an unprecedented condition in the Irish economy.

* * *

THE Government has done everything necessary to precipitate chaos and nothing to avoid the catastrophe. The blockade of Ireland has long been considered by the War Office. The reason for this policy was clear. The infamy and growing disrepute of the system of "reprisals" made the alternative method of blockade more desirable in its eyes. To ensure the success of the tactics of starvation it was necessary to prevent the organization of motor transport. Accordingly the Government has this week prohibited motor traffic outside a twenty mile limit from an Irish home, and has strictly limited the hours of traffic within this radius. On the other hand in refusing to carry war material against their fellow countrymen, the Irish railwaymen acted on an instinctive impulse, and the Irish public have up to the present rallied to their support, in spite of the undoubted apprehension of the commercial classes. Ireland has therefore entered on a period of great suffering. But the success of the Government is by no means assured. The Irish social system is not excessively

complex, nor does it maintain many great dependent urban populations. In its privations our own public will also be engaged. Ireland exported last year to England over fifty-five million pounds' worth of food and drink. Our beef and mutton, and bacon and butter and eggs are going to cost us more if this blockade is established. Ireland imported last year from England some seventy-nine million pounds' worth of manufactured goods. Our unemployment is going to swell if this blockade is maintained.

* * *

THE immediate result of the Cabinet's vacillations on the Russian trade agreement seem to be that the Churchillian "antis" have been beaten, and the draft adopted, subject to an agreement on prisoners. While we have been dilly-dallying, a good deal of the profitable ground has been lost to America, for it is announced that Mr. Vanderlip has concluded an agreement for the exploitation of Siberia—perhaps the richest undeveloped region in the world—in exchange for a large American contribution of coal and other necessities. If this is true, Mr. George has waited too long for his tide, and the trading interests of this country have a fresh disaster to set to Mr. Churchill's account, in addition to the thousands of lives and scores of millions of money he owes us already.

* * *

THE state of semi-war between Italy and the South Slavs, which has lasted since the Armistice, is ended at last. The meeting of the two delegations at Rapallo has resulted in a Treaty, which has at least the merit of settling the controversy. Italy retains most of Istria, some islands, and the town of Zara in Dalmatia, but over the rest of that province she renounces her pretensions. Fiume, with its territory somewhat extended, becomes a sovereign independent State. It cannot be called a good or equitable solution. Half-a-million South Slavs pass under Italian rule. The South Slavs possess no adequate port. Nor do there seem to be guarantees that Fiume, any more than Trieste, will serve the needs of Central Europe. The isolation of these two seaboard towns, Fiume and Zara, is an offence against economics. None the less, any agreement is a gain, for it establishes peace at last, and should enable both these nearly bankrupt States to disarm. There is said to be a secret clause which binds both Italy and Jugo-Slavia to resist a Hapsburg restoration. If this be true, Italy may be said to have joined the "Little Entente"—a move which may have very large consequences in setting up a make-weight against French policy in Central and Eastern Europe. But the execution of this Treaty is still in suspense. D'Annunzio will have nothing to do with it, and his forces (supplied as everyone knows from Italian funds and stores) have broken loose. They have raided the neighboring Croat town of Shushak, and have occupied several islands which Italy had renounced in the Treaty. Until this new adventure is dealt with it is premature to speak of peace in the Adriatic.

* * *

THE first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva has before it several questions which will test its reality. There is Armenia. There is the Polish raid on Vilna, which would only be condoned if the League took a *plébiscite* with the Polish army in possession. There is, above all, the admission of Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria. The French, through the usual Press channels, have announced their unwavering opposition to the admission of Germany, have threatened to withdraw if it should be carried, and add that our Government has given way before their insistence. That,

no doubt, explains why Germany has presented no request for admission, though she allows it to be known that she would accept if invited by a majority. The first sittings were occupied with the necessary debates upon procedure, in which our Colonial delegates seem to have monopolized time somewhat tactlessly. Lord Robert Cecil, whose personality has emerged from the debates with great force and persuasiveness, tried to secure publicity for the sittings of the Committees in which all the important work will be done. He failed, though he did secure a compromise by which official summaries of their deliberations will be issued. This is, needless to say, no equivalent.

* * *

AUSTRIA has sent in an appeal to the League, which ought to move it to prompt and constructive action. Cruel as the peace has been in many directions, there is no tragedy comparable to the ruin of Vienna, and none more obviously due to political motives. For our part, while supporting every proposal to extend freedom of trade throughout Central Europe, we take the view of the Austrians themselves. The late Assembly voted unanimously for a *plébiscite* on union with Germany. If that is the desire of the German-Austrian people, the Allies have no moral right and no adequate motive to oppose it. The French veto stands in the way, however. If that cannot be overcome, then the only thing to do is to follow what is understood to be the recommendation of the Reparations Commission, and to endeavor to save Austria by lavish credits. Hitherto just enough has been advanced to keep the population of Vienna more or less alive by doles of food, but not enough to allow of the reconstruction of industry. It is said that something is being done to supply Austria with some of our surplus wool, but the need of coal is as acute as ever. Probably the only constructive step worth considering would be to lend the necessary capital for the utilization of Austria's abundant water-power. Electricity, if it could be promptly provided, would solve half the problem.

* * *

LORD CURZON's long and able review of the position in Persia, indicates (like some of Mr. Churchill's answers on Mesopotamia), some weakening in the forward policy of Imperialism. He maintained that he had always been a friend to Persia, which is true in the sense that he had always combated Russian expansion there. Now that this check has gone, the Persians find his friendship a rather tight embrace. Everything, we gather, turns on whether the Persian Mejlis, now about to be elected, will ratify the Anglo-Persian agreement. This formality Lord Curzon considers a pedantic adherence to democracy. No one, after all, asks that our own Parliament shall ratify it. The position is, we take it, that while no Persian Cabinet (we more or less nominate them ourselves) dare reject the agreement, they all hope and believe that the Mejlis will do so, and probably it will. In that case, Lord Curzon indicates, we shall wash our hands of Persia and withdraw our troops. That seems a large undertaking, if it is one. What of the oil? What of the strategic position in Mesopotamia? What of our war with Moscow? That really is the crux of the position. Withdrawal both from Persia and Mesopotamia would be safe and natural, if we were at peace with Russia. Our reading of Russian policy is that in the East it pursues a nationalist and not a proletarian tactic. In other words it is not trying there to create a social revolution. It is only rousing the East against us. It will cease to do so when we come to terms.

THE Plumage Bill was finally destroyed at the end of last week, and the story of the way it has been done is one of the shadiest chapters in Parliamentary history. When Standing Committee C was first appointed to consider the Bill, it was found that its members were a mere paper army, a large number of the members being ill, absentees from the House, or serving on other Committees at the same time. In spite of that, the opposition was so small that it gave up trying to carry motions and devoted itself both to barefaced obstruction and waiting outside the door to prevent quorums from being formed. Mr. Montagu then proposed that those who could not come should be replaced by those who could. The promoters of the Bill were told that alterations could not be made after the Committee had once sat. Many weeks after, and just before the summer recess—a new Committee list was issued. After the recess, the new Committee was not once called, in spite of every effort. Lastly the promoters of the Bill were informed, after application to the Government last week, that there was no time left to take the Bill through its remaining stages. Thus this infamous traffic continues to flourish on the perfidy of politicians.

* * *

THE NATION has received the following messages from Egypt:—

"The inhabitants of Girga Province assembled to celebrate anniversary of November 13th, 1918, day on which Saad Zaghloul Pasha claimed complete Egyptian independence, declare that they unanimously support the Egyptian delegation's attitude in defence of Egypt's legitimate rights to independence with safeguards to British and European interests, appreciating the sympathy of the British Press and public opinion lately expressed."—*Mahmoud Hammam Bey, member of Legislative Assembly, Sohag.*

"The citizens of Mallawy celebrating the anniversary of November 13th, 1918, when Zaghloul Pasha formally demanded, on behalf of the Egyptian people, recognition of their complete independence, declare their support of the policy of the Egyptian delegation, the sole recognized representatives of Egypt in the late London negotiations, trusting the traditional Liberalism of British public will insure an honorable, friendly Anglo-Egyptian settlement."—*Mohd Ayoub.*

"Five thousand people, representing all the inhabitants of the Assiut Province, strongly support the delegation's policy as regards the reserves proposed to this draft agreement, especially the formal and express abolition, *de jure* and *de facto*, of the Protectorate universally abhorred by the Egyptian people. We affirm absolute confidence in our delegation as the sole representative of Egypt, and object in advance to any attempt to agreement without their direct collaboration and approval, considering every other institution unqualified to speak in the name of Egypt. We express gratitude to the English Press and politicians who stood for right and justice supporting the attitude of our delegation, and assure the British public of our sincere desire to establish future relations on a friendly entente, based on the formal recognition of our legitimate rights. We consider the British Government solely responsible for stopping the negotiations, most loyally and moderately conducted by our delegation, with a view to coming to an agreement safeguarding our national dignity and British and foreign interests in Egypt."—*Sayed Kashaba Bey, Mayor of Assiut.*

* * *

THE tone of these messages seems to us extremely good, and to point to a firm public opinion in favor of the Milner-Zaghloul agreement. The essence of that event—indeed, the entire basis of the negotiation—is that the Protectorate is dead, and is to be replaced by an entirely new relationship of Egyptian independence on the one hand, and British friendship on the other. It seems to us in the last degree absurd that, having decided to abandon the Protectorate, we should not say so. But it is certain that it is gone, and it only remains to make that fact absolutely clear and irrevocable in the preamble and the language of the Treaty itself.

Politics and Affairs.

FRANCE, WRANGEL, AND OURSELVES.

THE war taught us to discard some popular misconceptions regarding the French character. We learnt, in particular, that no people in Europe can be more persistent and indefatigable in pursuit of a national purpose. The tenacity which was admirable in a war of defence, has shown itself in a very different light since the delusive peace came to our Continent. It keeps all Central Europe under the harrow, and it has brought Russia very near to barbaric ruin. Our own Government did eventually learn something from its own errors. It backed Koltchak, it backed Denikin, and, somewhat half-heartedly, it backed even Yudenitch. And there it stopped. The French went on. They backed the Poles. They backed Wrangel. They will back the next adventurer, and the next again. Wrangel has been smashed, like all his predecessors. The very day which brings us the news, presents us in the columns of the "Times" (in these matters much the most important French organ) with a flaming advertisement for a new hero in the person of one Balahovitch. From Paris itself comes simultaneously the suggestion that the next recipients of tanks, guns, and armored trains will be the leaders of the Social Revolutionary Party. The saner part of Europe is weary of this spectacle, weary of the waste, the danger, and the cruelty. French tenacity is getting on its nerves.

The history of the year's fighting in Russia makes by far the most curious chapter in the records even of this revolution. Between January and March all Russia dreamed that peace had come. Denikin was destroyed, and Wrangel, shut up in the Crimea, looked like a negligible adversary, who could be finished off at any moment. As for the Poles, they had concluded a secret treaty in the previous October, and so far they had observed it honorably. The nation turned with positive passion to constructive work. The Red Army was partly demobilized, and partly converted into labor battalions. Every local Soviet began to build schools, bridges, narrow-gauge railways, and workmen's dwellings. Powder factories arranged to manufacture artificial silk. Lenin turned to his pet scheme for transforming Russian economic life by electricity from the peat bogs. The railways were devoted to civilian traffic, and, for a month or two, everyone ate full rations. Then, amid these illusions, came the sudden Polish march on Kieff. The recovery, given Russian conditions, was surprisingly quick, and the first phase of the campaign was triumphant and efficient. A new mood set in. Everyone wanted security, but could this aristocratic, romantic Poland, with France behind her, ever be trusted? Why not force a revolution and join a friendly neighbor? Midsummer was a moment of elation. Moscow was full of delegates from Europe, and even from Asia and America, and the Third International fêted Russia's victories. Some of the leaders, Trotsky among them, were sober, and would have stopped in time. But Lenin gambled on the chance of a Polish Revolution. There were men who warned him. Polish Communists, who knew the fierce nationalism of their country, told him that the revolution was probable after peace, impossible during war. He would not heed, for nationalism has no place in his exclusively economic and Marxian reading of history. The order was given to "break the crust in Poland with Russian bayonets" (to quote Lenin's own phrase). Against the better judgment of the soldiers, the army rushed on to Warsaw, marching twenty miles a day for twelve days on end, without

artillery, munitions, and supplies. It saw Warsaw, and was all but destroyed.

Then followed the oddest example of Lenin's realism. He might have brought up reinforcements, and renewed the Polish war. He did nothing of the kind. He had learned by an experiment on the living body that Poland would not make a revolution. The Polish war therefore had lost all meaning and purpose. Instead of prosecuting it, he made peace, and that on terms which restored to Poland more than half of her ill-gotten territorial gains. Why? The reason was, that Lenin reckoned that if the Poles take half White Russia and oppress it in their customary fashion, it will sooner or later revolt, and then once more the Polish Revolution will follow. Once more he is probably wrong. Poles will not rise because White Russians rebel. It would be as wise to expect a proletarian rising in England, because Sinn Fein is up in arms. Men who will not reckon with nationality are doomed to blunder. However this may be, peace was made, and the Red Army now had its elbows free to deal with Wrangel. For there were other reasons for the early and inconclusive peace with Poland. One of them was the threat of famine due to the drought in Central Russia. The other was the Crimean danger. The Russian railway system is not equal to simultaneous war on two distant fronts. While the Polish war lasted, Wrangel went ahead. He is an abler man than Denikin, and showed a relative caution. None the less he had done much damage. He had approached the vital Donetz coal basin, occupied much good corn land, and worst of all kept the Kuban Cossacks restive. There was nothing to do with him but to smash him. One can treat with Poles, but not with "Whites." The army was slowly mastered, but once gathered, it struck with a promptitude and certainty worthy of its best performances against Denikin. Though it is said that Wrangel kept his forces under better discipline than the other monarchist chiefs, and treated the peasants with less folly, he has crumpled up as decisively as his predecessors. The explanation is doubtless the same. The Red Army does not drink or gamble. It is as sober as any puritan Ironsides or Boer commando. It is permeated by Communist volunteers, who have the courage and endurance of fanatics. It is, by Russian standards, well-organized. It faces an idle, pleasure-loving aristocracy, and a *bourgeoisie* bent on hasty gains. It probably found its adversary absorbed in dissensions between the pure reactionary Tsarist Holy Russians, and the more modern opportunists. Once more it has triumphed.

The capture of the Crimea means that Russia will have peace at least for a winter. Five months in her agitated history is a long respite. With all due deference to the "Times," we doubt if the new hero, Balahovitch, is worth a moment's thought. He commands an army of deserters, who only seek the shortest way home, and he is hated in Russia, as a man who fought on the side of the Poles. Petliura again is a prudent and dubious adventurer, who never faces a pitched battle. These nuisances can give little trouble. Nor do we see, as yet, exactly where the French are to find their new army next spring. The Social Revolutionaries are eloquent people, but they are not men of action. The word is for them the beginning, and it is also the end. But if the French find the money, they can doubtless also discover someone, perhaps the Poles once more, who will undertake to spend it. The result will be that Russia will not dare to disarm. She has packed her youth into the army, and her youth surpasses middle age in vigor, intelligence, education, and hope, in a fashion unknown elsewhere. Save for the few

Russians who have lived abroad, it is only the young men under thirty who have the will and the faith to wrestle with Slav inertia and carelessness. Unless they can be demobilized, the outlook is poor. Nor will it be safe to turn the munition factories (the best by far in the dilapidated industry of Russia) to peace work. Worst of all perhaps, the Extraordinary Commission and all the rest of the apparatus of repression and espionage, inevitable, and in some measure excusable, amid civil war, may continue to function.

The Russian temperament works on revivalist lines. It can by propaganda be stirred up to war-like enthusiasm. It can by propaganda be swung round to the track of peaceful construction. But one can hardly alternate these performances every few months. If it swings uncertain between peace and war, it will achieve nothing commensurate with its needs. There will be no adequate construction, and the Left Wing Communists will go on repeating, with only too much reason, that Capitalist Europe will never grant peace. A five months' truce is nearly useless. Russia needs a long five years before her industry can recover and produce the goods which can be exchanged for the peasants' grain.

We take it that Downing Street, which suspended the trade negotiations when the Poles won victories, will resume them now that Wrangel is smashed. Such opportunism is not admirable, but it is less disastrous than French obstinacy. We hope it realizes that nothing is to be gained by a half-hearted pursuit of the commercial policy. Russia will have nothing of much consequence to export, until she sees a secure peace in front of her. She might give timber, but she must first buy saws, and, above all, dispose of labor. She might give flax, but only if the Northern and Central peasants are so sure that grain will come from the South and East, that they will dare to use their fields for other crops than food. She might give copper, but only if she does not need it for munitions. Export means for her a tremendous effort of organization, and she cannot organize peace and war at once. Unless Downing Street can somehow oblige France to desist from her tenacious policy of war, it will reap only the most meagre harvest from its own policy of peace. We believe in the great potentialities of Russia, but, frankly, we do not believe that she has much to export in her present condition. The commercial policy needs patience, with an eye not to to-morrow, but to the day after.

With one course, however, we hope Downing Street will not play. It rather looks to us as though it had ceased to combat French exactions against Germany, in order to win a free hand against Russia. Apart from the fact that Central Europe is much the more productive of the two victims of French policy, and possesses incomparably the higher civilization, we gravely doubt the possibility of isolating peace and war in this fashion. If, for example, the French were to march on the Ruhr, and the Poles repeated the Vilna exploit in Silesia, not many weeks would pass before Germany was plunged in revolution. She will not do it till she is quite desperate. Hers is a more venerable civilization than Russia's, and a far stronger middle class. But do it, or attempt it, she will, if France and Poland take her coal. That is a matter of life and death. If that should happen, does Downing Street really imagine that the prospect of a little trade with the Thames would keep Russia quiet? Lenin's is not a difficult character to diagnose. He can be moderate. He can compromise and adapt himself to conditions. But when revolution beckons him, he gambles. Keep Central Europe contented, and Russia will be quiet. Goad Central Europe to revolution, and Russia will march once more.

THE BLOCKADE OF IRELAND.

THERE is a passage in the Prime Minister's reply to Mr. Asquith's fine appeal for peace with Ireland which throws a significant light on his policy. The leader of the Parliamentary Labor Party had reminded Mr. George of the doctrine of self-determination and of its much-applauded application to Czechoslovakia, and other parts of the late Austrian Empire. Mr. George would have none of Mr. Adamson's history. What was the Austria that had yielded independence to the Czechs? She was a "beaten and broken Empire." And by what analogy with her fate, inquired Mr. George, could Britain be required to let her Irish go? The Prime Minister forgot to mention that it was in the execution of his own knock-out blow that the Empire of the Hapsburgs was shattered and their kingdom given to their rivals and dependents. But it is clear that to his mind the physical issue of the war was everything that mattered. Austria had been beaten. Therefore she had to go under, and bow to the claims of nationality. Britain had won; therefore, by the power of the stronger, she kept her foot on Ireland's breast. The right to State liberty, and the profession of that right which hung on his lips while the struggle lay in doubt, are brushed aside as impertinent now that it is determined, and the conquerer substitutes for it—

"The good old rule,
... the simple plan,

That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

What could be simpler? Let the needy court Liberty and the beaten bend to her! The strong need her only to use and betray.

But Mr. George's breach of promise to Freedom deserves a little more attention than he gave it in his speech on the third reading of the Irish Government Bill. He propounded that measure as the gift of a Parliament "representing not merely Great Britain, but Ireland itself." Strange then that when the division was called, not one Irish "representative" voted for it, and that not a single member of the strongest Irish party heard a word of its debates. Ireland, said Mr. George, rejects or flouts his Bill because she is in "a temper." True. She is in such a temper as five generations of Englishmen have not seen, a temper which she has spread all over America and the Dominions, and whose infective power is aimed at making moral pariahs of Englishmen half the world over. There is an Irishman pulling at a good many of the strings of business between England and America. There is also such a thing as public opinion, capable, in these days of the illustrated Press, of rapid and serious inflammation. Within the last few weeks Mr. George's Government has chosen to outrage it in every one of the great world-centres of politics and commerce. He is not sensitive to these spiritual movements; he never was. But they count.

Now how long is this danger to the power and political credit of Britain involved in the continuance of Anglo-Irish war to continue? Men who can look beyond the passions of the moment realize that this war, terrible as it is to-day, will be more terrible to-morrow. It is not surprising, therefore, that the desire for peace should grow. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is well known as a man of conservative views, essentially British in his outlook and sympathies. Well, the Cardinal wants peace. The Bishop of Cork is not less essentially Irish in his outlook and sympathies. Well, the Bishop wants peace, and the statement he makes to the special correspondent of the "Times"

shows that he has no desires that a moderate and cautious British Government could not satisfy. The leading Irish Unionists of the past, like Lord Ffrench, Sir Horace Plunkett, Mr. Anderson (Secretary of the Irish Co-operative Movement), who is here in London at this moment speaking for all the solid English-regarding interests of the South, want peace. The Unionist Member for Cardiff declares in the "Times" for a "truce of God," and states that he has received 500 letters from Unionists expressing their "horror" of reprisals. Sinn Fein has proclaimed through its responsible leaders that it is prepared to enter into a solemn convention with the British Government, under the sanction of an international body, to guarantee Britain's security; a declaration that makes it impossible to treat even the once extreme Irish party as irreconcilable. No reasonable person can doubt that it is possible to have peace with Ireland to-morrow if the British Government will once admit that the government of Ireland is primarily an Irish and not a British business, and that these Irishmen of different parties and religions have a better right to decide on the form of the Irish Bill than any set of English Ministers.

What quarrel has the ordinary Englishman with this desire? Where and how does it wound his pride, or touch his interests? Why is it that his Government starts from it with horror, as the Ministers of the Empires that have perished started with horror from the suggestion that they should treat with Poles or Czechs? And why is it that the House of Commons, day after day, dismisses as a trifling incident each new proof of the awful character that this quarrel is assuming? The answer is the power of habit and temper over men's imaginations. Unhappily, men become accustomed to horror as they become accustomed to darkness, and some act that would have struck them as unspeakably cruel or barbarous in the beginning of a quarrel seems after a time so little worse than the last that it passes unnoticed.

This quarrel must grow worse if it is allowed to go on—worse in its character, worse in its effect on our reputation in the world. We all remember Mr. Churchill's cry of "Baby-killers," when the Germans dropped bombs on Scarborough and killed children. Last week a girl eight years old was shot in the streets of Dublin. "Nobody," says the brazen Minister, "will think the Army responsible." Who is responsible? If soldiers go about in town and country firing recklessly, and making it a practice even in the streets where children are playing, to fire at any man who runs away, children are bound to be killed. Any Government that uses its armed forces for this general kind of terrorism turns its soldiers into baby-killers. The House of Commons sees nothing to blame in this method of enforcing our rule. In the bitter social war a century ago one of the most courageous men in Parliament said to Ministers, "You have hung a woman to deter women. You have hung a child to deter children." The Government's methods are not less thorough. A crippled boy shot in one town, a pregnant woman, with a baby in her arms, shot in another, a girl of eight in a third—terrorism forgets few categories of the civilian population in teaching its lessons. Ministers regard them as mere incidents of their war on the Irish people. Sir Hamar Greenwood, confronted with the fact that the murdered Mrs. Quinn was sitting on a wall bounding an open road without a turning, replied that soldiers were "justified" in securing themselves on "any road in a disturbed area." These

things are the inevitable consequences of the system on which these men are governing Ireland, just as they were inevitable consequences of the way in which the Germans made war in Belgium.

A second element of aggravation in this Irish war is that it tends more and more to involve the Irish people as a whole. Let anybody realize exactly what is implied in the railway crisis. Railwaymen refuse to carry munitions or armed policemen: they are dismissed. The Government reply by refusing to work the trains or to allow others to work them. That is not all. They control the motor traffic, and they will prevent the workers or Sinn Fein from organizing the carriage of food or material. This is called "a short and sharp trial of strength." Ministers believe that by calling off mails, old age pensions, and ultimately food and material from the South and West, they will produce such discomfort and distress as to cow the population. This seems to Ministers, and will no doubt seem to the House of Commons, a proper and legitimate method of administrative pressure.

What does it mean in practice? The munitions are needed for an army of occupation. The railwaymen whose relatives at Balbriggan, or Mallow, or Tuam, or Galway have had their houses blown up by these munitions strike against carrying them. The Government which only needs these munitions because it refuses to let this population govern itself then declares that it will starve out the civilian population. It will, in fact, adopt a measure which the British Government repudiated—in an attack by the present Prime Minister in the House of Commons—in the Boer War. In February, 1901, Mr. Lloyd George made a vehement protest against the action of a British General who had issued a proclamation, of which we give the text:—

"NOTICE.

"The town of Ventersburg has been cleared of supplies and partly burnt, and the farms in the vicinity destroyed, on account of the frequent attacks on the railway line in the neighborhood. The Boer women and children who are left behind should apply to the Boer commandants for food, who will supply them unless they wish to see them starve. No supplies will be sent from the railway to the town.

"Nov. 1st, 1900."

Mr. Brodrick, then Minister of War, announced next week that Lord Roberts had disapproved of the proclamation and it had been withdrawn. "Care was taken," he added, "that the women and children should not be abandoned to starvation." By what conceivable argument, of the arguments used by civilized men, can our Ministers justify the starvation of Irishmen and Irishwomen over a great part of Ireland, as a retort to the strike of a body of railwaymen? If Mr. Lloyd George called a general "a brute" in the House of Commons for threatening to treat the civilian Boer population in this way, what name should fitly be applied to his own Government for such conduct to Irishwomen, mothers and wives of men who four years ago were fighting in the ranks of the British Army? We have deprived these Irishmen and women of their rights as citizens; we refuse them the rights they could claim as enemies; is there any shorter way of making a nation of rebels? "So far as I can see," said A. E., "the British Government is determined to make Ireland a desert by wrecking its towns and industries rather than allow the Irish nation to control its own affairs." We hope that those who are inclined to the view that while unorganized reprisals are to be blamed, Governments may go far in the way of punishment if they act under legal forms, will think twice before they allow the world to believe that our love of power is as implacable as this.

MEDICINE FOR OUR MONEY ILLS.

It is not easy to diagnose the industrial and financial depression which is getting on the nerves of our people. There are so many factors, local and general, objective and subjective, which demand consideration. It is, perhaps, best to begin by citing some of the facts. (1) So far as available supplies for this country are concerned, there is no actual shortage of the chief foods, raw materials, and manufactured goods. Not only are the foreign export markets congested with wheat, cotton, meat, wool, and many other requisites, but in this country large stocks of these and other commodities are being held, either by Government or by merchants in the wholesale markets. (2) Wholesale prices have for some time past been falling in most staple articles. But (3) partly as a consequence of decontrol and reduced subsidies, retail prices have upon the whole been rising, and, though in the case of bread, some groceries, and certain cheaper clothing, small drops of price have taken place or are impending, most necessities of life are as dear as ever.

Since there is a considerable amount of unemployment in many industrial centres and a perceptible reduction of the working-class family income, this situation is causing great embarrassment not only to the workers but to the retail shopkeepers. The latter find themselves loaded up with articles they bought when wholesale prices were high, and they cannot make up their minds to cut prices and sacrifice the good margin of profits to which several years of prosperity have accustomed them. Still graver is the situation of the speculative middlemen, who bought on a rising market large stocks with the assistance of the banks and are now either struggling to hold on upon the chance of some recovery of prices, or are pressing their goods upon retailers who, on their part, are waiting for the very slump which these speculators are seeking to avoid.

Thus the immediate trouble for us lies far less in a failure of supply than in a failure of demand. The goods which we hold or can produce cannot get marketed on any terms which seem satisfactory to our merchants or producers. The premonitory symptoms of this failure of demand showed themselves some months ago in America, where the war prosperity had been greatest. This profiteering in foods, clothing, and other commodities had gone so far and had roused so much resentment that a sort of informal strike of consumers set in. Large numbers of people who had been spending freely their enlarged money incomes found employment growing slacker, and turned from their fit of extravagance to one of economy. This coincided with the growing reluctance of bankers to finance the export trade with Europe as freely as they had been doing, with the result that a simultaneous constriction of the domestic and the foreign markets took place. The most dramatic exhibition of this depression is the organization of cotton growers in the South, and wheat and corn growers in the Middle West, to insist upon the holding of all crops until, by Government subsidies or otherwise, prices have risen again to a profitable level. In pursuance of this policy Night Riders go about burning ginning plants, and Kansas farmers threaten to use corn instead of fuel.

We have not reached this stage of exasperation. But the slowing down or closing of many of our works, with consequent unemployment and reduction of spending power, the inability or unwillingness to lower prices and cut losses so as to stimulate demand, and the refusal of impoverished consumers, middle class and working class, to buy until retail prices are reduced, are dominant

factors in our present trouble. But this domestic situation is closely linked with the economic and financial disorder in foreign countries. As America refuses freely to finance trade with Europe, so we are compelled in our turn to refuse those credits both to allied and enemy countries on the Continent by means of which our export trade has been revived since the Armistice. The terrible and unpredictable fluctuations of foreign currencies and exchange (falling on an average by some 40 per cent. within the last year) make it more and more difficult to trade with any feeling of security. Even our profitable trade with China, India and South America, is seriously threatened, partly by the fluctuating exchange, partly by the energetic competition of the United States and Japan.

Everyone agrees that what this country and the whole world needs is more production, and yet the familiar phenomena of over-production, congested markets, unemployment, the slowing down of industry, display themselves. What is the matter? Primarily, the matter is that people who want to buy and are willing to produce wealth equivalent to what they want to buy, cannot do so for lack of money. Now this lack of money is due chiefly to an entirely laudable desire of Governments and financiers to stop the process of inflation and begin deflating. They have not yet gone any way towards doing this. On the contrary, even in this country, and much more in Continental countries, the printing of money or the stimulation of unproductive credit for Governmental use, has been proceeding rapidly during the past year. More than one wise statesman in the past has recorded the judgment that the inflation of currency literally kills more people than the operations of war itself, and, before Europe has got through its embroilments, this judgment is likely to be confirmed. For there comes a time when this malignant and dishonest process of robbery by Government brings large classes of the population into such desperate straits and enfeebles so terribly the whole mechanism of trade, that its political inventors are compelled out of regard for their own safety to endeavor to stay or even to reverse the engine. And then the sufferings begin. The false foundation of war prosperity is slowly or suddenly withdrawn, and the whole edifice crumbles and falls away. Indeed, any sudden remedy is utterly impracticable. All financial experts are agreed that any process of deflation, even with the important object of getting on to a gold basis at the earliest opportunity, must be slow even for this country. The stage which we have as yet reached is that of trying to make up our minds to refuse all temptations to further inflation. We must stop further enlargements of Treasury notes, of floating debt, of unproductive bank advances, prior to a cautious process of curtailment and a lowering of prices to such new stable level as is found practicable.

But, as was inevitable, even this moderate medicine is distasteful to business men who for some years past have been nourished upon inflation and easy credit. In America farmers and merchants openly demand that the Federal Reserve Banks shall furnish them cheap and abundant credit that they may withhold their goods and force up prices. This is, of course, a fatuous demand, based on a failure to recognize that the profitable prices they demand are out of keeping with the new relations of supply to demand. Although our traders are partly actuated by the same desire, they are not so completely at the mercy of the banks as in America, and they put forward the more specious cry for cheap credit in order to finance current production and market the product at a reasonable price.

The issue is doubtless one of delicacy. A refusal of

easy credits at a time of productive activity is manifestly injurious. But any risk of increasing bank credits which will be used, in part at any rate, to hold existing stocks, and which, in any case, may fail to produce a corresponding increase of marketable goods, is not one which a cautious banker ought to undertake or our Government to countenance. For, as we recognize, the root of all financial trouble lies in the degraded character of the money, currency and credit alike, in this and in other countries with which we have relations. Slowly we may feel our way back to sound and stable currency, provided we heed the lesson which Mr. McKenna enforced so vigorously the other day, and sternly set our faces against further State extravagance.

The first condition of sound business life is peace in Europe and Asia. So long as our national resources are squandered by hundreds of millions in wars and armaments, it is brazen impudence to call for economy in education, public health, and other trifling fields of expenditure. A genuinely co-operative League of Nations (with the ex-enemy countries in it, Russia, and presently America), taking up in earnest the project of an international financial settlement, alike for the relief or cancelment of debts between nations, and for the provision of emergency credits under international guarantees, might yet save the world from the gulf of bankruptcy and social anarchy into which it is surely drifting. It is a fatuous thing for our Government, or any other, to permit the folly or the frenzied interests of any ally to hold us up, as France is holding us up, on the road to sanity and restoration. If Europe is to recover, if this country is to avoid disaster, we must have disarmament upon a large scale. We must have more production and less money; a levy to get rid of the war debt, and an international loan to restore credit and markets. These are the great, the imperative, needs of our time. Therefore, let our commercial grumblers, instead of fastening their criticisms on the minor consequences of bad policy and bad finance, turn to the grand causes, and then apply the necessary surgical and curative treatment.

THE SCOTTISH LIQUOR POLLS.

THE results of the Scottish local option polls can hardly fail to have an effect upon future licensing legislation in this country. It is more than likely that England, in the next few months, will pay for the over-confidence of Scottish prohibitionists. Experiments in advanced policies can only justify themselves to the general public by success. If they fail they provoke a spirit of reaction which temporarily obscures judgment, and, too often, gives a new lease of life to admitted evils. That may happen in England if the plain lessons of Scottish experience are not intelligently heeded. The rejection of local veto, save in a few relatively unimportant areas, is not, as is too readily being assumed, a repudiation of effective regulation, any more than the unexpectedly large vote for "no change" implies satisfaction with existing conditions. The rejection of veto is due, in part, to the strength of entrenched interests and, in the main, to its inapplicability to prevailing conditions; while the vote for "no change" is due to limitations and defects in the options allowed. Deep-rooted habits surrender slowly to visionary enthusiasm, and while idealism sometimes sways public opinion, it rarely reads it truly. The promoters and supporters of the Scottish Temperance Act have misjudged the temper of their

countrymen. They have mistaken sectional for average opinion. It is an old mistake, familiar to students of reform movements, but inimical to progress if its lessons go unheeded.

The Scottish Temperance Act, as was strongly argued when it was before Parliament, has serious defects. It is stamped through and through with the limitations and compromises which characterize many of our experiments in social legislation. It derives its sanctions from a sound democratic principle, the principle of local self-government, but it gives that principle partial and inadequate expression. If we were a logical people it would be hard to justify its provisions. They discriminate in what may be expedient, but are certainly undemocratic, ways between different classes of consumers and different forms of sale. Under the veto sections of the Act, the public-house and the grocer's licence go, but the wholesale licence does not. The club likewise remains, and hotels and restaurants are allowed to be licensed. These are important safety-valves, but, except in the case of the club, they are privileged and undemocratic exemptions. As it stands, the Act represents partial local self-determination. It arbitrarily limits the choice of the electors, and restricts and circumscribes their liberty of experiment. Electors are given the choice of two forms of action, one of which (limitation) is economically disadvantageous, and the other (veto) a drastic, if justifiable, encroachment upon personal freedom and a summary challenge to deep-rooted habits. Apart from these two options electors can only assist in stereotyping arrangements which the larger powers of the Act indict and condemn. It is this limitation, and not satisfaction with things as they are, which explains the rather startling vote for "no change" in Scotland.

The polls so far taken suggest several morals, and one of the clearest of these is the necessity for a larger liberty of experiment and a wider area of choice. Self-determination must be given a broader basis. So grave a national problem cannot be solved on sectional or partizan lines. What Parliament should aim at is a real release of the constructive statesmanship and self-emancipating powers of local communities, who must be left free to work out their deliverance from the drink evil in their own way. "Trust the people" is a formula to which democrats of all schools and parties can unhesitatingly subscribe, but the trust given must be full and free. The roots of the drink habit are deeper, and the interests which profit by it are stronger, than advanced reformers have allowed themselves to believe, and the position must be frankly reviewed. Progress will not be won by blindly butting against facts.

The results of the referendum have occasioned more surprise than similar results would have done a few years ago. Expectation had been fired by recent developments in America and elsewhere. The wave of prohibition sentiment which has lately overrun whole continents had kindled hopes which were too ardent to reckon with experience and facts. Allowance was not made for different conditions, and experiments were accepted as realized facts. Nothing is easier than to miscalculate the permanent significance of dramatic experiments in social policy, and to ascribe to them a finality which history does not always confirm. That the great experiments in prohibition in Russia and, more particularly, in the United States and in Canada, mark a permanent break with former systems of regulation is probable and perhaps certain; but it is premature to assume that they give a trustworthy clue to the lines upon which the drink problem will ultimately be settled. The recent wave of

prohibition sentiment is not a new social phenomenon; it covers larger areas and has, perhaps, more of the element of dramatic surprise in it than previous short-lived experiments; but, allowing for all the factors which have played their part in its swift development, particularly in the United States, it is not certain that it is more permanently significant than the similar, but less widespread, wave which overran large areas (including some thirteen States) in America in the middle of the nineteenth century.

It is a profoundly interesting movement, revolutionary in the social and economic possibilities which it carries, but demanding the caution in prediction which all untested experiments require. In the case of some social problems the lines of settlement are clear and unmistakable. The will to advance is alone required.

In the case of the drink problem the lines of ultimate settlement are less surely predictable. They are made uncertain by psychological and physical (including temperamental) factors which perplex and embarrass constructive statesmanship. Much depends upon the ideas which, in the next fifty years, will guide and mould individual and national life.

So far as one may hazard a conjecture where prediction can only be built upon actual experiment, it is at least possible that the new ferment of thought and experiment will have its greatest immediate effect on the forms of sale rather than on the drink habit itself. It is certainly noteworthy that prohibition sentiment has found its fullest expression in countries where spirituous liquors are the popular drink, and where the saloon is, or was, of the least satisfactory type.

ARTHUR SHERWELL.

MR. GEORGE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

IV.—THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE ELECTORATE.

It is the main virtue of any political system that it should be immediately intelligible to the people. Constitutional forms should coincide with the seat of active responsibility. The process of legislation should be perpetually in the public view. The representatives of the electorate should be the active agents in the business of government, and not the passive recipients of a policy withheld from their examination. These axioms are the more urgent in a time so complex as our own. For it is the peculiar vice of universal suffrage that it demands of statesmen a standard of conduct far higher than in more narrow systems; since, in the absence of a high level of general education, no form of the State can be more open to a corrupt perversion. And the experiment of this form is being tried at a period when the sharp anthesis of current ideas inevitably deepens the suspicion and fear of all to whom the path of political action suggests obscureness. They distrust what they cannot investigate; they doubt what they do not understand. Statesmen who in such a temper deliberately live by devious ways are the very courtiers of disaster. They cause that lack of confidence in the foundations of our politics which is not only the symptom of disease but, in a high sense, its ultimate and certain cause.

PERSONALITY AGAINST PRINCIPLE.

Whatever may be said of the constitution of which Mr. George is sponsor, it is at least certain that no man can proclaim its intelligibility. It is not government in the light of day. It is not government upon the basis of principle. It is not government by the accepted methods of constitutional action. We have moved to a twilight world where law is so confused and overloaded with half-articulate and unexplored convention as to make the normal outlines of the State no longer visible to the analyst. Government, in fact, is centred in the breast of the Prime Minister; but the most careful pains have been taken to conceal the true source of his decisions. The scene of public action is divorced from the real seat of public power. The House of Commons is responsible without the authority to enforce its will. The Cabinet administers with the mainspring of collective judgment destroyed. The replacement of principle by personality inevitably begets this vicious atmosphere. No statesman can destroy a system of which the foundation was corporate consent without involving that system in profound decay.

And we must be careful to note how essential are the directions in which decay is apparent. In a democracy

like our own the fundamental need is that the process of politics must educate the electorate. It was, for example, the accepted maxim of our system that the clash of parties would throw light upon opposing principles. Mr. Lloyd George has deliberately torpedoed the party system, with the consequence that there is no convenient method to be had of organizing the antitheses of public life. For coalition government, it must be noted, is not a series of plain and honorable compromises; it is an obscure and unformulated bargain for interests which remain unmanifest. In the result the ideas that are in the public view are mangled and confused. The true ground of policy remains unknown because it is the purpose of the coalition to prevent its emergence.

SECRECY OF GOVERNMENT.

And that is but the beginning of the problem. Every system of this kind has an interest in exploiting its own obscurity. It manipulates the Press to its private advantage, and thus prevents the one independent check upon Government activity from offering a valid interpretation of events. The secrecy with which it enshrouds its decisions makes public criticism powerless to educate; and not seldom, as in Mesopotamia, its control of the sources of information makes the knowledge of public policy impossible. Nor must we miss, in this connection, the significance of the growth of the executive power. Government by legislation involves the consistent revelation of principle; a meeting-ground is created by battle and the public is informed by the shock of opposing battalions. But government by proclamation prevents the understanding of events by referring to the mysterious realm of unexplained command judgments of which the essential nature is to remain beyond appeal.

ITS POWER OF DEFAMATION.

And what is, perhaps, worst of all is the atmosphere which surrounds the whole. All systems of government of which discussion is the foundation are self-curative unless the poison administered is relentlessly applied. Even the present House of Commons could be made to debate unless special methods were devised for its prevention. What is done is to exploit all passing evils that the substantive foundation of discontent may remain unknown. As in the *régime* of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, public misfortune must be represented as public perversity. The disturbance which arises from misery must be ascribed to secret agitation. Every sinister interest must be provoked to protect itself at the expense

of general remedy. Bad motive and suspicious design must be imputed on every hand. The discomfort of change must be intensified, and its principles equated with revolution. Liberty must be confounded with license. Those who have something to lose must be persuaded that they are likely to lose all. If the reforms demanded are novel, their impractical character must be emphasized; if they seem justified by facts, the issue must be concealed by declamation. Ignorant and uneducated men, as men with challenged interests to preserve, can always be had by appeal to prejudice; and the unity of opposition can be destroyed by blocking the channels of informative discussion.

LOSS OF POLITICAL FAITH.

It is important to note the character of the time in which this strategy has been adopted. We are in a period of transition when the underlying principle of thought is the need to translate the ideals of political democracy into industrial terms. Of all our discontents this principle is basically the cause. The capitalist system has ceased to bring into play those motives to production upon which our former prosperity was founded; and the roots of a new economic equilibrium must be discovered. It is obvious enough that change so vast as this requires for its completion the full utilization of our institutional equipment. If it works we can at least secure an effective vehicle of transition; and in the course of our experiment we can learn its full significance. But if, instead of this, we meet the new desires in terms of sinister defiance; if, in addition, we refuse to make our constitutional system illumine the ideas in debate, we offer ourselves in sacrifice to reckless and determined men who are willing to overturn the whole in search for the realization of their special synthesis.

Mr. Lloyd George, in fact, denies us the primary necessity of our time. We are beyond the stage when a facile attention to passing symptoms is a cure for our ills. Exactly as after the Napoleonic wars, the demand is for a new social order; and the experience of that terrible time is clear. If we would preserve a peace in freedom, we must secure a temper of conciliation; we must welcome the investigation of wrong; we must demand the co-operation of those who doubt the beneficent purpose of the State. But to that end our policy must be conducted in the open. Its principles must be as simple as its mechanisms must be obvious. Our constant endeavor must be to convince the sceptics that the substance of their desire is capable of achievement by the normal means of legislative action.

The new system prevents the emergence of that conviction. Men are not so easily inured to hardship as a century ago; and they have awakened to a sense of their powers. Their temper of expectancy has that valid height which the pledges of the Prime Minister were calculated to arouse. They can be appeased only by the perception that the engines of the State are working at high pressure for their good. And it must be remembered that not less than six millions of them to-day profess an allegiance hardly second to their allegiance to the State. Their betrayal by the political system will make trade-union allegiance primary, and the consequence of its pre-eminence no man may lightly measure. For every *imperium in imperio* will assert its strength immediately the alternative offered to it holds out no prospect of equal esteem. British labor has set out upon a path of which the only problem is the degree and method of its progress; exactly as in the period of the Reform Bill the middle classes moved with determination to the seat of power. The statesmanship of Lord Grey secured at that moment of crisis a solution of peace; but

he secured it only by the proof that the institutions of the earlier time were capable not only of goodwill, but also of substantial concession.

It is the tragedy of our present situation that Mr. Lloyd George is rapidly making it impossible for that proof to be offered in our own time. He has not only deserted principle, he has rendered ineffective the institutions by which principles are translated into substance. The result is the frank declaration by many of a disbelief in the processes of reason, the announcement that violence is the path of attainment, the proclamation that all avenues of peace are to be suspected. Direct action is the only method left open for men to whom the channels of constitutional action are deliberately closed. Men to whom the uselessness of Parliament is so obviously proclaimed will not be easily induced to trust their prospects to its operations. The obscurity into which party distinctions are thrown serves only to intensify this distrust. The lightness with which promises are broken will provoke a decision to depend upon their own energies instead of to assurances extorted only from some chance difficulty it is hoped thereby to overpass. The cruelty with which a people struggling to be free are driven into calculated tumult offers to the mass of the disinherited no amiable augury of their own future. An imperialism abroad, for which there is no constitutional warranty, prevents the mitigation of their position. They are deliberately maligned by Ministers of the Crown. They see those who stand in the way of their ideals flattered and cajoled by those for whom their confidence is invited. Surely it is not difficult to understand why, in such a temper, the wellspring of public goodwill is poisoned at its source.

THE DANGER OF REVOLUTION.

Of such a policy the end, if it be consistently pursued, can only be revolution. And the disorder it will involve will not rest upon the shoulders of the people. The author of institutional perversion is the author of public disaster, for the people are moved to protest only by the most flagrant abuse of trust. The constitutional system inherited by Mr. Lloyd George was at many points inadequate and incomplete. It was overloaded with business. Its proceedings had been, as a consequence, checked and controlled to a degree which portended the need for reform. But, with all its defects, it was still a system in which lovers of freedom could assert their independence of all ties save that of the public interest. More than that, it was still a system in which devotion to great causes beyond the seduction of private interest and the whisper of private ambition could win for high-minded men the confidence of the electorate. And by the knowledge of this quality the English Constitution was a source of education to the people. It stimulated noble desires; it was the nurse of worthy ideals. It offered an incomparable platform where great principles could be put to the test of public opinion.

But the British Constitution, like every political instrument, is the servant of statesmen in office. It works only upon the obvious assumption that its spirit is unviolated and its foundations kept secure. When it is made the instrument of private ambition it ceases either to inspire or to instruct. Its parts are too nicely reticulated to work in harmony with each other upon other conditions. It becomes a method of obstruction instead of an instrument of progress. If it is made subservient to an extraneous purpose, that central principle of representation which is its essence becomes degraded into a confused and unworthy scramble for private interest. The Member of Parliament is narrowed in his ideas. He exchanges the service of the nation for the

service of the Government. The very doubt and uncertainty of the electorate will prevent him from taking a line of boldness. The divisions into which it has been manœuvred will make him search for the path of action in the proceedings of the Prime Minister. There, at least, he can see substantial reward; while on the side of the people he will discern only the impotence of confusion. And this makes the system the more vicious since it adds to the ignoble methods of the Government a mental power which increases their danger. The end of this policy is to reduce the people to insignificance unless it choose, by violent commotion, to reassert its power.

THE LOST KEY OF POLITICS.

The British Constitution has survived extreme vicissitudes in the past. The experiments of Cromwell, the Revolution of 1688, the calculated corruption of George III.—all these it has somehow met without losing the inner spirit of its life. But the test it now faces is substantially different from those of a previous time. It now must be adapted to the challenge of a new economic synthesis. Before, it was faced only by the problem of political readjustment. The foundations of property have been called into question. Statesmen have to decide whether our institutions can be made to respond without the compulsion of violence. What answer they will make we do not know; but, at least, we do know that only a concerted effort can stave off the chaos that any great economic revolution is now seen to involve.

Not less certain, however, is the fact that we cannot hope to succeed if the ethos of our institutions is deliberately betrayed. Toleration and kindness have been, ever since 1688, the keynote of our political system; its perversion to private ends renders impossible the continuance of that spirit. For the destruction of public trust is the guarantee of public disaster. The Prime Minister seeks to array against the forces of reasoned change all ignorance that is capable of seduction and all interests that admit of purchase. It is upon his shoulders that the responsibility for the outcome must lie. His methods have been calculated and his purpose conscious. He seems determined to sacrifice upon the altar of his private ambition the whole spirit of our public life. A democracy cannot survive if it be bewildered and mistrustful; the law of its life is a reasoned knowledge of its problems, a sure confidence in those who operate its will. That is why it behoves good men to unite against his effort lest their apathy be one day adjudged the chief instrument of his sinister determination.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I AM told that more than one Parish Council in Scotland has refused to issue the demand notes for rates.

THE week in London has been one of mourning; and for the first time in history, I suppose, the memory of a great war has been kept with a very slight infusion of militarism. The crowds before the cenotaph and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier were not "victory" crowds: they were simply sorrowing people, engaged in an act of tender and pious remembrance. There were those who closed the celebration by feasting, indecorously enough, in the great hotels. But I know of many who refused to take part in these revels, and strongly disapproved of them. In fact, I have only once seen London wear a graver face. That was on the day of the declaration of war.

MEANWHILE the political situation is changing with dramatic swiftness. For the first time it may be said that the life of the Coalition is threatened, or rather, is deliberately aimed at. This is the work of the Tories, and especially of the Beaverbrook section. These men want to put an end to it altogether, considering, with justice, that as it is Tory in everything but the name, it might just as well assume the Tory livery. They already treat Mr. George as their captive, and, in that capacity, will lead him, garlanded, to the feast at the Constitutional Club. But their victory will not be one of words. Mr. George has had to meet them on Tariff Reform, and the first encounter has revealed him to be a hands-upper. There appears to be a little distrust in these faithful hearts as to the precise terms of the surrender. But an Anti-Dumping Bill of the right sort has been promised, and the Prime Minister will be held to it. Licensing remains, and there, it is said, the place where Mr. George keeps his Liberal conscience still awaits the spring-cleaning that will presently be administered to it. But the movement already ensures the end of the Coalition, and the return to party politics.

BUT the stir in Coalition politics is not altogether a personal or even a fully conscious movement. Grave issues have arrived. Perhaps for the first time in its history, British trade has to face an apparently insurmountable failure in world-demand. There is a paralysis of buying, and, in the effort to throw it off, our tax-strangled and price-strangled community suddenly finds its supplies of fresh credit cut off at the instance of the Government. Naturally there is fierce reaction. The Government are felt to be double enemies of British trade, first bleeding it to the point of death, and then starving it. The political effect of all this is immensely to stimulate the demand not merely for a drastic reduction of State expenditure, but for a new kind of Budget. Both Mr. Asquith's and Mr. McKenna's speeches have produced an immense effect; they and the case they present constitute a new political situation. Practically Mr. Chamberlain's Estimates are already in ruins. The Budget is gone with the tremendous drop in E.P.D., and how is another to be constructed on Churchill's wars and George's extravagances? Probably a man of some authority who would table a resolution in the House of Commons ordering the Government to keep the Budget down to a maximum of nine hundred millions or thereabouts would easily carry it, and be the most popular figure in England. In fact, a kind of middle-class front has been created, and though this new recruitment comes in contact at some vital points (as in the debates on Public Health) with Labor, it is immediately the most formidable thing that the Government has to face.

THERE is another new fact in politics. The idea of the League of Nations as a force of rescue and recovery for the world has at last struck root in the imaginations of men. The change has been long in coming. Neither of the materialistic schools—Imperialists or Bolsheviks—would at first look at it. It seemed too moral for the one, and too closely linked with conservative and capitalistic forces for the other. But Mr. McKenna's cool mind was quite right in discerning the future that is in store for this newcomer as soon as it is seen that there is a chance for a world not cut off dramatically and finally from the existing society, but yet susceptible to great moral and political changes. Therefore, the idea of the League revives, both as a positive alternative to despair and revolution, and as a chain on the destructive energies of Imperialism.

THE well-informed "Guardian" tells us that the result of the Greek elections was a "surprise." It was no surprise to the readers of THE NATION, who have been continually informed of the fact that M. Venizelos's rule had become a tyranny, and that when Greece was given a voice, she would disown it. If THE NATION stood alone in that disclosure—as it did—the explanation is that in these days it is possible to use the world's apparatus for arriving at truth as a means of crushing it. That is one of the gravest facts of our time, and the one which most makes for the continual unsettlement of politics. For months Greece has been in revolt against Venizelism; yet because the Governments of the Allies wished this fact kept dark, kept dark it was, to their greater confusion when it came out. No people of the character of the Greeks were likely to condone a reign of cruelty, proscription, and espionage, under which no man's words and pen were free. Now, after months of martial law, Athens recovers her voice and promptly turns the Dictator down. As far as I can gather, practically all Greece proper has done the same. It has done more. It has given Constantine an invitation to resume the Crown which, in Greek eyes, he forfeited because he put his country's cause before that of the Alliance. That and his skilful soldiering was one root of the Constantine tradition. The second was the popular belief that under a Constantine the darling dream of Greece would come true, and Constantinople be hers once more.

Now what is to be done? Constantine is sure to get his *plébiscite*, and in that case the French, as usual, will be for violence. But why should we be implicated? Even under stress of the blockade and the French occupation of Athens, this country was not unpopular. Why then should we not try to understand Greece instead of bullying her? Venizelos has gone into voluntary ostracism; but though the Turkish Treaty has never been popular with Greece on account of the excessive burden it has laid on her shoulders, it will not be repudiated. It will be necessary to ask for guarantees as to its execution, and judging by his interview with the "Daily News," the King is ready to give them. But there the rights of the Allies come to an end. I am no Royalist, but the legend of Constantine's pro-Germanism seems to me to have worn rather thin. It is not disputed that Greece would have come in if Imperialist Russia had not been jealous of her presence in Constantinople, or if we could have guaranteed Greek territory from being overwhelmed, and Greek ports from being used as bases for German submarines. Then was her neutrality a sin? And if it was, is the Alliance a tyranny, which, even in peace, brooks only its nominees on the thrones of Europe? And if this is its policy, how are we to break this edict to the Greek people—and maintain it against their will?

I HATE superstition, but really it is borne on me that Mr. Churchill must have the evil eye. He never loves a Russian general but instantly something is sure to happen to him. Now poor Wrangel has gone the way of Yudenitch and Denikin and Koltchak, to say nought of some thousands of British soldiers and sailors, and millions of our money, which we need rather badly just now. What did we expect? Mr. Churchill is simply a blight on Muscovite careers; and whether he goes down to the City, or I hear of him at luncheon parties saying that he has a new man and a new way to save us from Bolshevism, I keep my eyes glued on pages 8 to 12 of the "Times," waiting for what I know will turn up. This preoccupation is painful to me, and rather

unhealthy for the mind, and I would like to be rid of it. Of course, if the Prime Minister likes this kind of Freak and the country does not mind the money it loses on him, it is no affair of mine. Only one sometimes wonders—are not there insurances and things? Could not Mr. Churchill be paid for in the lump, so as to get the total risk of him over and provided for once for all? I know this sounds rather like Miss Dartle; but the truth is Mr. Churchill is something out of the common in politics, and a little vagueness about the remedy for him is, perhaps, excusable.

ONE can only feel concern at Mr. Brace's decision to leave his party and join the official side of the Government. I suppose he will be useful in his new post of adviser to the Ministry of Mines. But one sees one able Labor leader after another join the ranks of the administration, and becomes reconciled to never hearing of them again. Half their experience of public life goes for nought; the workers never look at them with the same eyes again, and one doubts whether henceforth even their technical skill will count for a great deal. One cannot blame them. A Labor leader lives a hard and dangerous life; young or ambitious men press him from behind, and if he feels that he has lost his people's confidence, the strength of his arm is broken. That is one reason why one so strongly hopes that the Labor movement will be kept in hand, and the spirit of scepticism in the chiefs will not outgrow their authority. For these secessions are very dangerous, especially when one knows what lures the Administration holds out to any man of talent. On his subject Mr. Brace was perhaps the most skilful of the Parliamentarians of Labor. And he will not easily be replaced.

I AM interested to hear that British ships took part in the salvage of the remnants of Wrangel's force in the Crimea. In fact, not a British ship stirred to his relief. He was informed long ago that as he spurned our advice, we were no longer responsible for him. Since then the French, with their accustomed delicacy when our policy and opinions are concerned, took him up and gave him official acknowledgment. Clearly it was their business to look after the wreck of their *protégé's* adventure, and this they seem to have done. They were perfectly aware of our attitude, and we may judge therefore of the worth of the *article de Paris* to which I have referred and which (like other valuables of the same origin) seems unaccountably to have been transferred to our Press.

I WARMLY welcome the admirable proposal of giving an Anglo-American University Library or libraries for Central Europe. The object is to supply scholars in these countries with books printed in English since 1914 and absolutely indispensable to University students, now cut off from them by sheer inability to buy. The need has been established by careful inquiry in many University centres, lists have been received of the books and periodicals that are wanted, and an organization is ready on this side to receive, catalogue, and transmit them, while Lord Bryce has accepted the Presidency of the library. May I beg that my readers will give their aid in money or in literature, or in both, to this civilizing, this indispensable work? Gifts of literature should be sent to the Hon. Secretary of the Library, Mr. B. M. Headicar, London School of Economics, Clare Market, W.C.2, and cheques and money orders should be made payable to the "Anglo-American University Library," and sent to Lieutenant-Colonel George Schuster, at the same address.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE REVOLT OF SCIENCE.

THERE are three things, linked somehow together in our imagination, which always beget in us a curious feeling of awe. They are not the starry heavens nor the moral law. One is a hive of bees. Another is the machinery of a modern cotton-mill. The third is that corner of the bookshelves in the London Library where the tomes are kept which deal with Indo-European philology. In some obscure way, which it is hard to analyze, they all convey their suggestion of intelligence without personality. Intelligence which wears a human face does not strike with this chilly sense of awe. You may feel veneration for Goethe, and entertain a wondering admiration for Shelley, but they were warm and tangible persons. There is nothing anonymous, nothing inhuman about their genius. It was a function, as a mathematician might put it, of their individual life of passion and aspiration.

It is the inventors and the philologists who seem at once more and less than human. Here is genius which has worked, like the racial mind of the bee, collectively. It has lived from generation to generation, a neuter yet fecund thing. You know dimly that real men have worked at these looms and those dictionaries. You cannot name them. They have passed without glory or reward, and their works seem somehow to live apart from them, greater and more significant than they. A poem is the child of the poet's body, the fruit of suffering and desire. One cannot think so of an invention. It stands in no filial relation to its creator. It is like that Homunculus, of Goethe's shrewd imagining, who drifted into the air, when he was hatched from the phial, and left his learned parent, poor chemist Wagner, lonely, despised, and sorrowing. Like the bees, the inventors and the scholars work for others, and of them, too, the poet might have spoken his *Sic vos non vobis*.

Turn over those comparative dictionaries and grammars on the Aryan language shelf. A sense of awe creeps over you, as you realize the improbable, the monstrous fact, that some live scholar, a man with arms and legs, had spent his years in learning old Persian and Gothic and Sanscrit, turned, as his hair whitened, to the crabbed characters of Old Slavonic, and then, in some hot summer, when water glistened and the winds played upon the heather, mastered his Wendish, or his Lithuanian, and all that he might construct from them some hypothetical language, some conceivable *Ursprache*, which our nomad forbears may have talked over the mead and the camp fire. What were they like, these grammarians, whose existence one infers from the dictionary, as Paley said that you infer a watchmaker from the watch. "Dead from the waist down"—Browning's line comes to your aid. You can see him, if you try to visualize him, very old, very poor, half-blind, with the Gothic romance of Königsberg or Heidelberg for his irrelevant background—but why paint it in? He does not see those tall gables as he totters from library to lecture-room, and if the notes of "Gaudeamus" strike his ear from the rollicking Kneipe, it is only to set him ferreting in his memory for the roots and cognates and the transmutations and the stem of Gaudeo. He knows of that verb everything but the meaning. Nor does even glory reward him. Grimm, indeed, we know, and

Curtius, but to whom else on this philologist's shelf has fallen his meed of fame? It touches the sublime, this unrewarded toil, these memories with their Atlas burden, the quick conjecture, the daring construction, but it seems like the hive impersonal. Pupil revised the work of master, and a whole band of scholars, some propounding, some demolishing a theory, collaborated to produce the completed doctrine of a phonetic law. One seems to see abstract intellect at work.

Nor is it otherwise in the cotton mill. Stand among the machines, and you will realize that a legion of collaborating minds has made them. The perfection of it all, the adjustment of device to device transcend any single brain. You are not even curious to learn the name of him who first sketched in his draftsman's notebook these cunning rollers, those hands of steel. Arkwright's name stood in your school-books, but whom else can you cite, and even of him what do you know? Some were weavers, some were clerks, some theorists of applied science, but, like the philologists and the bees, they seem to you impersonal and anonymous. And of them, too, you may be sure that little of the fame and the wealth went their way. It was not this dim legion of inventors who cashed the four millions of profit which flowed this year from Coats's thread mills.

To anyone who thought of inventors in this impersonal way, as a race of men destined always to be exploited, the report of that gathering of scientific workers which met on Saturday must have caused a shock of surprise. It is a new fact that inventors should combine to protect their own interests like any other body of workers. The signs of an incipient revolt among them amount almost to a portent. As yet one fears the public does not value inventors, or, it may be, does not fear them. If Mr. Smillie had talked as Professor Soddy talked, he would have been reported at length with headlines in which the word Bolshevism would certainly have occurred. The miner, to be sure, is essential to our civilization, and yet, without the inventor, even the miner would be impotent. We wish we could have found anywhere a full report of what Professor Soddy said, but only the "Daily Herald" seems to have grasped the significance of his attitude. He has a formidable case against this ultra-capitalist Government, and though he is a rather decided Socialist, he carried his fellow-scientists unanimously with him. It seems that the Coalition has, during the war, used the nation's fund very properly to encourage technical research, only to rob the nation and inventors alike, by handing over the results of their work to private firms, and more especially to the big monopolist concerns. Dr. Soddy's position is the just and natural one, that an inventor will gladly work for the common good and expect no inordinate reward, but it revolts him to find himself exploited for private profit. In so far as he owed his success to the endowment and the apparatus which the nation placed at his disposal, the fruits of his work should go to the common good. As the Government has ordered it, they will go only to enable some rich monopolist to draw an unearned tribute from the consumer. It is a specially gross instance of the common fate of most inventors. Perhaps that ingenious Russian who enabled the Soviet Government, when Denikin had occupied the beet-growing Ukraine, to make sugar out of sawdust, is the one inventor in the world whose brains have not been exploited, in one degree or another, for private profit.

Another issue was raised at this meeting which made it doubly memorable. This same Government,

which treats the scientific worker so shabbily, has just invited his collaboration for a new purpose. Mr. Churchill desires to explore the possibilities of "chemical war." The study of poison gas, in particular, is about to be pursued with special zeal, and scientists, one and all, are bidden to lend their talents to develop all the murderous possibilities of this abomination. It lies within the scope of the League of Nations to prohibit the use of such atrocious methods of slaughter. But the League may after all fail to attain the requisite unanimity (one vote, we take it, would suffice to perpetuate poison gas), or it might be obeyed, should it legislate, much as France and Belgium obeyed it when they refused to lay before it the text of their secret Treaty of Alliance, and finally, as Mr. Lloyd George points out, there are some nations outside the League. In any event Mr. Churchill is not the man to let himself be stopped by an obstacle so insubstantial as the League. He means to go on with "chemical war." But will the chemists help him? Professor Soddy seemed to foreshadow a strike of scientists against militarism. There is a precedent for his action. Napier of Merchiston, when he lay dying, with the fame of his Logarithms about him, sent for certain of his papers and destroyed them. They contained a scheme, which he is said to have tested by experiment, for some new device of destruction which would instantaneously kill every living thing on a hill-side. What it was no one knows, for Napier burned the description, distrusting, as he put it, the virtue of mankind to use so terrible an engine wisely. It seems that after some centuries this doubt in the virtue of mankind revives. Scientists look around them on the fruits of the war, which they helped to render so terrible, and find them less than reassuring. They have their doubts that much gain would follow to humanity by equipping Mr. Churchill with aerial poisons.

Socialists have talked of a general strike of the masses against war. But why wait for the least educated portion of the community to move? A combination of inventors and scientists might not avail to stop war. Mr. Churchill would organize a war of bludgeons and stones, if he could get no other. The gesture none the less would be enormously effective. It would check our "rattle into barbarism," and, above all, it would help to make scientists what Socialists call "class-conscious." In plain words it would give them a sense of their corporate responsibility towards civilization. They, after all, are the makers of our world. Theirs are the brains which equipped not merely our whole apparatus of destruction, but also the entire profit-making machinery of the industrial age. They gave us machinery, to adapt Mephistopheles's saying, and we have used it to be beastlier than any beast. If they could grasp the values of civilization, as they can shape its tools, they might, like Napier, tear up their plans unpatented, or, better still, offer us their gift on terms. A radiogram from Moscow announced the other day that a Russian scientist had at last discovered the whole secret of atomic energy. If that news were true, the man who held that secret could command the planet. He could laugh at our toy explosives. He could smile at our labors to extract coal and harness waterfalls. He would be something more than the sun to us, the controller of all energy. Would he use his omnipotence, we wonder? Would he offer infinite energy to the League of Nations, to the Papacy, or, mayhap, to the Third International? Would he offer it to us in return for a charter that should end wars and the exploitation of labor? Would he sell it for a promise to create the Golden Age? Or would he dispose of his secret to the first American Trust?

ON LEARNING LANGUAGES.

I REMEMBER the impression made on my childish mind by my father explaining to me the meaning of the word "Languedoc." That there should be different ways of saying "yes," ways, too, that had vanished from the world, that in the old days of the history books the people living north of the Loire said "oil," and that you might travel on beneath the sky until you crossed the river and found yourself among people who said "oc," and that from this fluctuation of language countries should have been named—all this filled me with curious interest and vain speculation. How is it that in the teaching of languages, or, indeed, of language, so few teachers think it worth while to explain to their pupils the meaning of words? To many teachers words appear to be merely arbitrary counters, unrelated emblems of what they stand for. To begin with the elements of language, how many teachers take the trouble to point out that a vowel is a sound by itself, and that a consonant can only be sounded with the help of a vowel? In German the words themselves, "Selbstlaut" and "Mitlauter," tell their tale. It lies on the face of them. It is the same in Russian, though Mr. Houston Chamberlain, in his desire to glorify the unique simplicity and magnificence of the German tongue, slurs over the fact. Language at bottom describes impressions made on the senses. In English, where this descriptiveness is not immediately apparent, where, for the great mass of people, the word "fluctuate," for instance, has nothing to do with the waves, the lively apprehension of the meaning of words is necessarily largely lost. In the same way we learn French words as irrelevant sounds, to be used as occasion requires as substitutes for those we are accustomed to. Who ever troubles to tell us that "à fin que" is literally "to the end that," or that "dorénavant" is just precisely "from now onward"? Again, children puzzle over accents as arbitrary marks, mere decorations of certain words. I, for one, owe it entirely to my own observation that I ever found out that the circumflex in the word "hôtel" denotes that the "s" has been dropped from the Old French word "ostel," or that "quête" with the circumflex is simply "queste." So the history of the language, the passage from Old French to modern French, and the relationship of both with English, is obscured.

In her new book on "The French Language in England" (published by the Manchester University Press) Miss Kathleen Lambley gives an interesting sketch of the position held by French in this country from the Conquest to the end of the fourteenth century:—

"The Conquest had made Norman-French the language of the Court and to some extent of the Church; it had brought with it a French literature which nearly smothered the national literature and replaced it temporarily; it had led to the system of translating Latin into French, as well as into English, in the schools."

In the middle of the fourteenth century children who went to school, although they had before spoken only English, were made to construe their lessons in French. All gentlemen's children were taught French from their youth up. There was a common proverb, "Jack would be a gentleman if he could speak French." The change came with the Black Death. An old writer says:—

"This maner was moche used before the great deth (1349). But sith it is somdele chaunged. Now (in 1387) they leave all French in scholes and use all construction in English."

The French spoken in England was, of course, Norman-French. Cut off from the Continent, the lan-

guage of the Normans in England would remain stationary like the seventeenth century Dutch of the Transvaal Boers. The French of Stratford-atte-Bowe, spoken by Chaucer's Prioress, was not necessarily worse French than the French of Paris, but different. The language of the Isle of France itself was but one of many dialects which through the discrimination of time prevailed over the rest. Of course, as time went on French came to be looked upon and learned and taught altogether as a foreign language in England.

The medieval French primers quoted by Miss Lambley are very interesting reading. They invariably begin with the enumeration of the different parts of the human body in French and English, no doubt acting on the idea that man is the microcosm and summary of the world. Katherine of France, in Shakespeare's "Henry V." it will be remembered, begins to learn English in this way:—

"KATH.: Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre et tu parles bien le langage.

ALICE: Un peu, madame.

KATH.: Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut que l'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main en Anglais?

ALICE: La main? elle est appelé de hand.

KATH.: Et les doigts?"

And so with the rest. Largely for the use of travellers, these books are full of the romance of the road. They give the appropriate way of "passing the time of day" at different hours, and the proper greetings with which to salute every manner of people, with medieval felicity and exactitude. In the morning you were to say, "My lord, God give you good-day and good adventure," at noon, "God give you good-day and good hours," and at night, "God give you good-night and good repose." "Mon signior" might be replaced by "mon amy," as occasion required. To the pedestrians—"à peitaille"—it was enough to say, "God keep you." In one book the child is obligingly supplied with a stock of insulting terms suitable to be used in quarrels. But for the most part great stress is laid on politeness. The clerks who know the Seven Arts tell us that courtesy came from Paradise.

In Tudor and Stuart times there was much discussion of the question whether one should begin to learn a language with the rules of grammar or with the practice of speaking. The traditional way, of course, was to begin with the rules. But there were innovators. Dean Colet, for instance, speaking of Latin, says, with the common-sense of a very great man:—

"Men spoke not Latin because such rules were made, but contrariwise because men spoke such Latin, upon that followed the rules and so were made."

He recommends "reading of good books, hearing eloquent men speak, and the busy imitation of them with tongue and pen," as being far more useful than "all the traditions of rule and precepts of masters." Anyone spending a few weeks in a foreign country simply absorbs the language. He takes it in at every pore. But this method of learning is not always available. My own advice, for what it is worth, to anyone wishing to learn a language is: begin to read a book. Choose something of which the subject-matter is familiar. It speaks well for the Duke of Wellington that he taught himself Spanish by means of a Spanish prayer book. After one has read through, say, the story of the Prodigal Son in Portuguese, one is already in possession of a considerable Portuguese vocabulary. If I may quote my own experience, when reading for the Schools at Oxford, I found

that I could make out Machiavelli's "Prince" in Italian without much difficulty. Afterwards, living in a remote country place, in possession of a great deal of lonely leisure, I employed some of it in lying full-length on a hearth-rug in front of the fire and reading "Monte Cristo," in the same tongue. Grammar, as Cobbett knew, is only the common sense of writing and speaking language, and when one can read a language to observant common sense the rules of grammar soon become clear. Lord Herbert of Cherbury gained his first knowledge of French by reading it with the help of a dictionary.

For most English people through all the centuries, for love or for hatred, "foreign parts," "outré mer," has meant France. It was literally the land you came to when you crossed the sea. In my own case, as a boy I embarked on my first journeys to France almost from the back of the home garden. To me, I confess, France has always been the symbol of Europe, brighter and more living than the far-off Italy. Its skies are more radiant, more translucent than the heavier Italian blue. In the same way the language is lighter, blither than the operatic Italian. It is more elusive, certainly much more difficult. Its unique pronunciation marks it out from the more pedestrian tongues. Many English people, by the way, make the mistake of pronouncing Italian and other languages as though they were French. I remember as a boy my first holidays in France and Belgium, and the delight of hearing French spoken, and recognizing the simplest school-book phrases in their proper setting and on their native soil—"Tout le monde descend," called out at Pont l'Évêque, and a fisherman making some inquiry at a café at Harfleur and how his "Merci bien" flared out into the night. One was probably rather mute oneself. "Vous ne savez," exclaimed a declamatory gendarme, bearing down upon myself and a companion at Malines, "ni français, ni flamand, ni rien." The language enhanced the charm of the inns with their great courtyards, and the galleries running round them through which the waiter, like some character in an old play, went before one with a candle to one's room (alack!), and the shape of the bread and the smell of the coffee, and the cooking. The blitheness of spoken French is probably partly due to the excellence of French food. In England one hears on every hand the miserable whine of the badly fed. Nothing shows the separation of England from Europe more clearly than the fact that the omelette has always been an exotic in this country, never a popular English dish. In struggling to obtain in those days a footing for the omelette in the excellent but somewhat limited family menu, I felt myself a fighter for Europe, for civilization. In France, the new dishes were an experience, one's first tête de veau vinaigrette in the open air in the autumn sun at Calais, and the cunning preparations of fish, with shrimps, mussels, white wine, red wine, bay leaves, garlic, ostendaise, boullonnaise, cancalaise, rochellaïse, as varied as the head-dresses of the market women in the different ports of that happy coast. But, after all, it was the language that was the chief thing in these holidays.

Let me close these rambling remarks with a recantation. Before the war few things filled me with a greater sense of outrage than the manufacture and propaganda of Esperanto. But now I would rather that every Englishman should be able to read and speak Esperanto than that every Englishman should be able to read and speak French. With a medium of communication mutually understood, they would learn that the "aliens" and "enemies," the hatred of whom is so sedulously preached to them, are men in all things like themselves.

R. L. G.

The Drama.

"MACBETH" TO MUSIC.

Produced at the Aldwych Theatre.

DUNCAN	William Lugg.
MALCOLM	Edgar Norfolk.
MACBETH	James K. Hackett.
BANQUO	H. R. Hignett.
MACDUFF	Leslie Faber.
LADY MACBETH	Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

"MACBETH" would seem to be eminently a play for the times. This is a restless age, and "Macbeth" is one of the most disturbing themes that the genius of man ever wrought upon. It is an age of power, and "Macbeth" is a play about power. And finally this play of "possession" has come down through the centuries on to an age of "possession." Like Macbeth, this society of ours is hag-ridden—dogged and tempted by spiritual powers that it feels to be dangerous to its soul, and that yet proclaim themselves to be linked with necessities of human character and fate. Has it strength to repel the invader that Macbeth could never summon to his aid? Has the "enemy of man" trapped his luckless race at last? Or will he summon his helpers in time, and win clear?

One could not help musing of these things as one listened to the new "Macbeth" of the Aldwych Theatre, and wondering whether the audience thought of them, too. They did not seem greatly moved, nor, indeed, in the setting of the play and the demeanor of the artists was there much to move them. But do modern English theatrical audiences ever dream of making the connection between life and even the most serious and profound conceptions of their dramatists? Certainly "Macbeth" gives them no excuse for a failure to make the effort. Not only is it a tremendous feat of the imagination, but its assault on the conscience and the susceptibilities of the playgoer is absolutely continuous. Talk of hell! Dante never made such a picture of it, for hell in the mass is nothing; it is the hell of a single bosom that affects the mind. And Macbeth is never once let go. No Faust is here, slipping through the Mephistophelian fingers at last, but a fairly limed soul, besmeared and entangled beyond the hope of deliverance. Yet Macbeth is a great man, as Lady Macbeth is not a great woman. Poet and sage, Shakespeare has been at pains to put into his mouth the most sumptuous and the most melancholy verse he ever wrote. But the most impressive thing about his personality is that having once set foot on the witches' lure, and reached it by the path of his ambition, he never gets a chance of escape. The good in life, or the merely fortuitous, conspire with the bad, the visible things with the invisible ones. There is Lady Macbeth. There is the king's impromptu visit to Inverness. And then trap after trap, until the fine character is worn away, and the caged beast of Dunsinane Castle is all that is left of the fond lover and heroic soldier. Shakespeare was no Puritan; yet this relentless play, in which the single touch of humor is used to fasten the vision of murder on the imagination, might have been inspired by John Calvin, and written by a believer in the inherent evil and predestined damnation of the mass of mankind.

This terrific hell-fire discourse passed at the Aldwych Theatre as if it were a rather dyspeptic version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Why this quite ridiculous lowering of the key? As it seemed to me, the producers did not give the audience credit for the power to imagine what Shakespeare was at, or Shakespeare for the art to say what he meant. Here was this reeking air of the Pit, and of the filthy powers that inhabit it. And, if you please, the play opened (after a prolonged delay) with a musical composition of about as much significance to Macbeth as a tea-bell, repeated (with a shrill vocal accompaniment) whenever the witches came on, or their presence and influence were suggested, which happens to be in every phase and motion of the drama. The result was not to realize a spiritual effect, but to lose it. Time was frittered away, and scenes were omitted or hacked. And when the witches appeared and Hecate had arranged her grand drama of deceit, the accompany-

ing or the introductory tinkle had set the mind out of tune with the fearful or the jarred music of the Shakespearian verse. The true realism of the drama was thus frittered away in trivial or impertinent devices. Nothing was made of the knocking at the gate; it was as hurried as a postman's, and seemed about as significant. And if Mrs. Campbell seemed to sleep through the play, instead of merely through the great walking scene, it was impossible to see how a representation so unimaginatively treated could inspire the artist with a sense of the greatness of the material.

If "Macbeth" was thus belittled in the Aldwych representation, neither was it adequately played. Mr. Hackett has one needful quality of the Shakespearian actor. He has a fine voice, deep and thrilling, and well-fitted to carry the meaning of "Macbeth" through the music of its utterance. But though moral significance was never more wonderfully conveyed through the stress and assonance of words, the mere vocalization even of such a part as "Macbeth" is not enough. The actor who can fitly say "Macbeth shall sleep no more," must feel in his bones what it is that has shut the door of slumber to Macbeth's eyes. The tragic stage is full of these haunted men; it is their natural *habitat*, one may say. In an evil hour Coquelin undertook to play one of them, Matthias in "The Bells," the character in which Irving, alone in his generation, was fitted to shine. Coquelin turned the homicidal landlord into a stout and cheerful Alsatian Boniface. There could not have been a more natural picture of peasant hardness and phlegm; or one more ludicrously out of keeping with the remorseful agonies of Matthias's dying dream. Mr. Hackett was not so prosy as Coquelin; but Irving, with his infirmities of body and speech, was far nearer than he to a spiritual discernment of Macbeth. He kept physically adequate (as Irving did not) to the strain of representation. Its continual *crescendo*, no less than the subtler variations of the theme, were beyond him. So they must be for most men. If Mr. Hackett looked like a murderer and spoke like one, but little like a poet, he might fairly ask what is a poor actor to do when his author, letting his dramatic genius wait on his poetic gift, bids him be both? Mrs. Patrick Campbell solved a smaller but a similar difficulty by frankly treating the playing of Lady Macbeth as a recitation. She recited the fierce speeches and the caressing ones, and got some very pretty effects of recitative. Mr. Somebody-or-Other's music (with vocal accompaniment) informed you when the witches were specially interested in anything that Macbeth did or that happened to him; Shakespeare not having made the connection sufficiently clear. And I added the reflection that it would almost be worth while arranging a raid on Berlin (it would be merely a minor incident of the peace) with the special object of capturing Mr. Max Reinhardt, and impressing him for the benefit of our Shakespearian stage.

H. W. M.

Art.

MR. KENNINGTON'S WAR PICTURES.

THERE are two ways of regarding Mr. Eric Kennington's pictures, which are now being exhibited at the Alpine Gallery. We may judge them as records, and we may judge them as works of art. In spite of the purists, these two methods of approach do not absolutely exclude each other. If a record is to be really faithful, it demands at least, on the part of the artist, a passionate and self-forgetful absorption in his subject; and this attitude of self-abnegation tends to project itself (under a different guise, necessarily) into the artist's work. The faithful copy begins to take on a life and solidity of its own. The object copied begins to be salient as it never was in actual life; and in the hands of the great realists, painters and writers alike, this saliency can attain the quality of an almost intolerable physical menace. Tolstoy was the greatest master of this method of trans-

cending the physical by an excess of itself. I suppose that the secret of it lies hidden somewhere in a subtle and hardly conscious displacement of our normal values. Our ordinary experience is the result of an incessant imposition of a perspective of our own upon the world. We annihilate this element, reject that one, minimize this again and underline that other in accordance with our dim purposes; and although those purposes may differ to an extreme degree in certain individuals and on certain matters, there is a rough common agreement about the perspective we apply to the physical world. The true realist is the man who comes forward to insist where we minimize and emphasize what we reject. Hence comes our feeling of menace; for we are disquieted when things, which we have safely tucked into a limbo of half-existence, are made to emerge from it with the solidity of a cobble-stone.

I have no doubt that realism of this kind is art, though it is very difficult to find a place for it in an aesthetic scheme. What is more important at the moment is to consider the particular disabilities under which it labors. That these are heavy is, I think, obvious, and some consideration of them will, perhaps, do more to elucidate the qualities and defects of Mr. Kennington's work than any string of descriptive epithets I might employ. It stands to reason that if an artist is impelled to shift the emphasis on to physical detail, to disturb violently instead of to refine upon our ordinary perspective—my readers will have observed that "perspective" is here a metaphor—he has sacrificed, whether he knows it or not, an element that is indispensable to the creation of an ordered structure. In fact, he has abolished the principle of order itself. He may replace it by a principle of order of his own devising. On the other hand, he may not realize what he has lost; he may persuade himself that the systematic shifting of emphasis on to physical detail, simply because it carries him along, is a principle of order. It is nothing of the kind. The physical is merely the undifferentiated. The crucial problem for the realist is how to reintroduce the perspective he has banished. You may banish the accepted values, but if you are to advance at all you must procure another set of them.

Mr. Kennington reveals himself to me as an artist in the doldrums. I do not believe that it is owing to lack of opportunity for work on a large scale that all but two of his ninety-nine exhibits at the Alpine Gallery are sketches or small portraits. The episodic effect of these chips from a painter's workshop is not justified by the two larger paintings, the one, "The Kensingtons at Laventie," which comes from an exhibition given five years ago, the other "The Victims," a picture of the Canadian Scottish going into action, painted for the Canadian War Memorials. On the contrary, these two larger pictures explain and reinforce the episodic impression made by the exhibition as a whole. In them the artist shows that he is at present unable to restore the element he has rejected. "The Kensingtons at Laventie" is really a scrupulous pattern in which the insistence on detail dulls us for a moment to the fact that there is no subordination or focus. It attaches quite easily to the careful pictures of "frozen" organ-grinders which Mr. Kennington (who then appeared to be an obvious disciple of Mr. William Strang) used to show at the International Society before the war. It is a congeries of sketches and studies, strong and forceful studies, but surely not a picture. The centralizing impulse, the unity of interest which the artist must have felt originally, has dissolved away beneath the acid of his method. The method has disintegrated the vision.

The more recent of the large pictures, "The Victims," shows the artist aware of the danger, and striving to overcome it. Yet how? To put the matter quite brutally, he has tried to impose someone else's principle of order upon his own physical preoccupations. The someone else is Mr. Paul Nash. Mr. Nash has evolved a convention of his own for treating the material background of the war. As a convention for a particular purpose it is extremely effective; it produces an impression of phantasmagoria. But in this earthly

hell that Mr. Nash has created for himself clean-shaven, spotless soldiers do not march into action; Mr. Nash, aware of the difficulty of conventionalizing them, generally leaves them out altogether. Mr. Kennington, on the other hand, starts with the soldiers. Why does he not leave the background out?

Undoubtedly a great deal of impressive drawing has been lavished on "The Victims," but it has been poured into the chasm which divides two incompatible visions. No one appreciates more keenly than I the spirit which animated the artist in his endeavor to convey the impression suggested by his title. The endeavor is noble. But it is really alien to Mr. Kennington's method as a painter. His splendid, muscular, unforgettable soldiers—supermen of P.B.I.—are not victims. We know that they were; but that is another matter altogether. Mr. Kennington, the man, saw them as victims; Mr. Kennington, the artist, did not. For the artist they were just so many superb physical objects, who might as well have been flower-girls or organ-grinders as soldiers. But what is the artist to do, if the man desires to present them as something more significant than overpowering physical objects? That is the problem.

The most certain way is fantastically impossible, for it involves that Mr. Kennington should begin all over again. If he has not that confidence in the physical which will enable him to transcend it by excess of itself, then he should recognize that what seems an angle of vision is really only a trick of technique, and treat it quite ruthlessly as a mere instrument. If that is impossible, and it probably is impossible, the method of symbolism remains. Mr. Kennington will have to become quite definitely a "literary artist," one who seeks out dramatic episodes and significant conjunctures and copies them. Those crosses made by a rifle and a bayonet with a tin-hat on top, which seem to fascinate him so, are an indication of the road he can pursue. It is not the road to great art or plastic discoveries, but it leads to something worth doing well—to a modern equivalent of the symbolism with which the German painters, of whom Mr. Kennington reminds us, Cranach for instance, eked out their halting plastic imagination.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

Short Studies.

"DAME NATURE."

(Copyright in Canada.)

It is amazing to man, of the "four score years" or so, how slowly Nature works. I do not mean in such obviously slow employments as the making of fossils, of coal, of galenas. Even with her shuffling of the seasons she is leisurely. Here, where I am to-day, by a little of my own toil and guidance, much "luck," and the goodness of Manitou, I am reminded of the beginning of Morris's "Earthly Paradise," that part telling of the tower with the four windows, each looking out upon a different season of the year.

Now in the valley-bottoms of British Columbia, although many leaves are off the trees, they show scarcely a perceptible decrease in the bulk or soaring of their foliage. It is only by looking at the ground that we really know the leaves are going. The vivid crimson of one order of shed maple-leaves is under foot; crisp, yellow leaves of another every now and then flutter down among that crimson. Along the creek sides the birches and the cotton-woods and smooth-stemmed poplars show daily a more ethereal, rare gold among the dark, ever-green firs. This green and gold of the valleys, splashed here and there with the last blue-black of the elder-berries, is also on the first mountain slopes to a thousand feet. Higher, another thousand feet, the hunch of the next mountain is cleaner-cut even than the lower one, for it has the sky to outline its falling sides, and these are fringed with the tufted poles of tall pines, every one clear to the unaided eye; they can be counted on the

hill's edge, though five miles away, maybe, as the geese fly. Stevenson, telling of such an outlook on Mount Saint Helena, spoke of the "pencilling of trees" on the distant crests, each separate against the sky, "no bigger than an eyelash."

Higher again, the big timber of the next hump is all powdered white with snow. I have my binoculars with me, and focussing them on that high range pass at a bound from late summer, Indian summer (the lingering summer that is bright when the calendar tells us autumn is well advanced), into winter and the kind of scene provided for us in those wild west tales that give us a beautiful lady in distress, a desperado, wolves, the blizzard, and a faithful husky dog. The snow is heavy on the "fir-feathers" of the upper forests.

Something abruptly and for a moment obfuscated my view as I gazed on that scene through the lenses, and lowering the glasses I found that a couple of butterflies were mounting and twining before my face, twinkling in the sun. Down here the grasshoppers, though they hop less lively than a month ago, still hop. They suddenly leap from before our feet and chirp. Far and high, beyond these snow-powdered forests, the jagged last peaks thrust their shining whiteness into the billowing clouds, or are amazing against blue heaven. Only their rocky ribs are not snowed over; and these ribs slope down from the high wedges of shining snow and are lost under the lower and climbing green. It is more easy now to understand how the climates vary in this big continent of different altitudes, north and south.

Here all round us, going on slowly before our eyes, are the natural wizardries we read about in the school-books. We see how a forest fire, or the cutting of timber, on a mountain, alters not only that mountain but all the lower world. Where there is no timber or moss to hold snow and water the snows quickly melt before the sun, the rains merely dance on rocks and run. The creeks are only periodical freshets, spates. Here it is all going on all the time. Here what we call Nature is ever present round us. We do not need text-books if we have eyes.

Amid her marvels I regard even the Indian with new understanding. I know why, despite the store-suit of reach-me-downs, with no more left of the old-time Indian to outward appearances than his footwear, which is still of tanned deerskin, the moccasin, and his hair, still worn in plaits on either side of his head, the Mission Indian has been observed by the interloping priest at morning, facing the east, stretching out his arms, and opening the palms of his hands in salutation to the sun. If I do not make the gesture I know the impulse. My heart is with the aborigine in that worship.

Last night, I suppose because of the snow in the heights sending them lower, I was wakened from sleep by the barking wail of a coyote. It is a better waking sound at midnight than the honk of taxi-cabs. I can't tear myself away. I shall not eat my Christmas dinner, as I had planned, in London Town. I was glad the nocturnal coyote awoke me, for I was aware (opening my eyes) of a strange brilliance in the night, and looked out. There was a keenness in the air. Gazing at that brilliance I knew, at midnight, that it was autumn, and late autumn. There were no last butterflies and sun to delude me, as at noon. What I saw was the Aurora. I thought: "Of course, it is winter up north now." The Hudson Bay Company's schooner came in to Victoria, the other day, from Herschel Island, with the last load of the year's pelts. The last steamer "out" down the Yukon, my local paper tells me, giving this half of the world's news, has been frozen in. In the northern sky was a sight that reminded me of the air-raid nights in London, only it was more spectacular. The arms of these natural searchlights that I saw were leagues long. Little bursts of shrapnel were as nothing to the sudden bursts of the Aurora. The plumes swept up the sky. The whirls of golden haze ran to and fro. At midnight, as at dawn, I understood the Indian's gesture of adoration for the "visible world," in Gautier's phrase.

Here I must stay, where the world is not all parcelled out in fields and towns, stay a spell yet and watch it all, reporting now and then, for those who would like to get away too, but can't—their emissary

here—such things as these: the departure of the humming-birds, wind ripples on the lonely lakes, the glamor of Indian summer, snow on the branches of the firs.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

[We are obliged to hold over some important letters till next week.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

REUNION IN WAR.

THE windmill in his smock of white
Stared from his little crest,
Like a slow smoke was the moonlight
As I went like one possessed
Where the glebe path makes shortest way;
The stammering wicket swung.
I passed amid the crosses gray
Where opiate yew-boughs hung.
The bleached grass shuddered into sighs,
The dogs that knew this moon
Far up were harrying sheep, the cries
Of hunting owls went on.
And I among the dead made haste
And over flat vault stones
Set in the path unheeding paced
Nor thought of those chill bones.
Thus to my sweetheart's cottage I,
Who long had been away,
Turned as the traveller turns adry
To brooks to moist his clay.
Her cottage stood like a dream, so clear
And yet so dark; and now
I thought to find my more than dear
And if she'd kept her vow.
Old housedog from his barrel came
Without a voice, and knew
And licked my hand; all seemed the same
To the moonlight and the dew.
By the white damson then I took
The tallest osier wand
And thrice upon her casement strook,
And she, so fair, so fond,
Looked out, and saw in wild delight
And tiptoed down to me,
And cried in silent joy that night
Beside the bullace tree.
O cruel time to take away,
And worse to bring agen;
Why slept not I in Flanders clay
With all the murdered men?
For I had changed, or she had changed,
Though true loves both had been,
Even while we kissed we stood estranged
With the ghosts of war between.
We had not met but a moment ere
War baffled joy, and cried,
"Love's but a madness, a burnt flare:
The shell's a madman's bride."
* * *
The cottage stood, poor stone and wood,
Poorer than stone stood I;
Then from her kind arms moved in a mood
As grey as the cereclothed sky.
The roosts were stirred, each little bird
Called fearfully out for day;
The church clock with his dead voice whirled
As if he bade me stay
To trace with madman's fingers all
The letters on the stones
Where thick beneath the twitch roots crawl
In dead men's envied bones.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

Frightful Plight of Starving Children

Winter's Terrible Grip on the Famine Areas.

DESPERATE EFFORTS NEEDED AT ONCE TO MEET CRITICAL SITUATION AMONGST HELPLESS MITES.

CAN YOU REALISE THE TERRIBLE PLIGHT OF THE CHILDREN OF EUROPE.

IT seems almost impossible for the average Briton to realise the true awfulness of the calamity that is now sweeping over the Famine-stricken Areas. In England, even if the Strike had continued for six months or a year, our own children could never have been reduced to anything approaching the plight of the children of our neighbours. Remember those in the Famine Areas have been continually underfed for more than five years. Frequently, little babies of two or three years old are found on their miserable mattresses with their arms broken. The bones in their tiny limbs have become so affected from underfeeding and from disease that even the slightest shock has broken them. A worker reports that in her region one child in every five between the years of two and seven could not walk, and many of them will remain for ever bent-limbed dwarfs. Remember, that over territories of thousands of square miles there are no crops, no farms, very few houses in a habitable state. Remember that in many villages to-day cruel famine and painful disease have slain almost the entire infant population. **MILLIONS ARE NOW ONLY BEING KEPT ALIVE BY THE CHARITY OF KINDLY PEOPLE IN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.**

Winter is building a huge scaffold in the Famine Areas of Europe.

Never before—not even in the most awful moments of the War—has the plight of Europe's starving children been so terrible and so urgently in need of **INSTANT RELIEF.**

And yet, by the strange Irony of Fate, never before have the prospects of relief been so bright. Never has this terrible problem been so near a decisive solution. The **ONE** essential is immediate relief—the united efforts of every British man and woman in whom sympathy and pity are not dead and cold.

THE STRIKE CLOUD IN BRITAIN HAS LIFTED. MAKE A THANK-OFFERING THAT WILL SAVE INNOCENT LIVES.

To-day is your greatest opportunity. Our own trouble—the Strike-Cloud that threatened British children—has lifted. Is it not meet that we should make a thank-offering to save our neighbours' children in their battle against suffering and death?

In many cases even one shillingworth of food will suffice to snatch an infant sufferer from the very gates of Death, by sustaining its weakened frame yet a few hours longer until it can be taken into shelter and cared for by the devoted and heroic workers in their midst.

HEARTRENDING REPORTS.

The most heartrending reports came to hand from the Relief-workers in the Famine Areas—authenticated facts, beyond doubt or dispute, which in Fiction would be thought to highly-coloured or exaggerated.

"As I was leaving a dark court where the sun never enters, I chanced upon a little girl with joints so bent and deformed that she was walking almost on her ankles. I went home with her and found she was one of a family of five children living in a miserable room. One of the girls had a nasty swelling on her chest caused by scurvy and bad food. As I came in they were just sitting down to a meal consisting of two plates of green watery mush. There was nothing else on the table. The mother told a most heart-rending tale of her struggle to keep her children alive."



In the Mountains and Valleys of the Famine Areas, pitiless shrieking blizzards are sweeping down upon helpless little sufferers. By ones and twos, by scores, by hundreds and thousands, the suffering children stagger forth from their miserable hovels and out-houses, from the bare earth and open fields, and are mercilessly done to death because there is no food to maintain life and strength within their wasted and distorted frames. Will you not help the workers on the spot who are fighting so desperately against terrible odds to alleviate this awful suffering.

the digging of a new grave, hears the agonised cry of a mother bereaved.

Upon our efforts to-day hang the fate of countless little ones. What will be **YOUR** answer? Life or Death?

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND.

PATRONS:—HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; HIS Eminence CARDINAL BOURNE, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER; THE REV. A. T. GUTTERY; THE RIGHT HON. EARL CURZON, K.G.; THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROBERT CEIL, M.P.

To LORD WEARDALE, Chairman of Committee of "Save the Children Fund" (Room 472), 26, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

SIR,—I would like to help the Starving Children in the Famine Areas of Europe and Asia Minor and enclose as a donation to the "Save the Children Fund."

NAME

ADDRESS

THE NATION, 20/11/20.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Character and Opinion in the United States." By George Santayana. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)
 "The Art of Letters." By Robert Lynd. (Fisher Unwin. 15s.)
 "Shelley and Calderon." By Salvador de Madariaga. (Constable. 15s.)
 "Paroles d'un Combattant." Par Henri Barbusse. (Paris: Flammarion. 6 fr. 75).

WE are in debt to Messrs. Dent for the "King's Treasures of Literature." The publishers explain that this library of "seriously and thoughtfully selected books by the great writers, both standard and modern" (which is edited under the general supervision of Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch), is designed to help all lovers of literature. It may be that "lovers of literature" are better left to their own devices in the traditional way. There are not many of them; not enough, probably, to supply a certain and a believable welcome to a new poet and regular porridge for him. It is wiser not to overdo our estimate of the generality of a love for literature, because, to be candid, there is very little love left over for literature after golf, football, beer, the cinema, the pageant of war, and an adequate supply of the news of crime and pestilence have been paid for. We have to confess there are one or two things we must go without, with prices what they are, and so, though it breaks the heart, we overcome our love for "the best that man has done." Something has to go. We love the poet, but no company promoter is ever likely to see his possibilities as an investment towards which the public, realizing the wide interest of this investment and its profitable character, would press to over-subscribe. Commodities other than noble ideas greatly expressed, like alkali or hair-dye, may do so well that the benevolent are enabled to endow a home for lost dogs out of a surplus; but lovers of literature find themselves too few for such great work.

YET our faith is firm that these lovers grow in numbers. We even believe that the finer quality of mind in great books, some day, will so far have penetrated the turgidity and vulgarity of politics and commerce, the speech of which is now the most popular form of letters (as you may discover in the newspapers) that the general reader will see through it and revolt from such base English. It is a duty we owe to a great tradition to work, however obscurely, to that end. For that reason we are in debt to Messrs. Dent for this new library of old and new books. They are directed, it is clear, where most good may be done—to the young mind. It is easy to believe these little volumes will be welcomed in the schools, where they should replace the usual "reading books." There are twenty volumes in the first issue, and they include "Sesame and Lilies," "Tales from Tolstoy," Conrad's "Youth and Gaspar Ruiz," Faraday's "Chemical History of a Candle," an anthology from Shakespeare, a volume of fairy tales by Anatole France, "London in Literature," "A Christmas Carol," "Unto this Last," "Selections from Burns," Lamb's "Essays"; and a promise of many others, including Hudson's "Birds in a Village" and a "Book of Ships and Seamen," an anthology in prose and verse from English literature to be compiled by "Q."

THERE are many more in the list, which is well designed, and should have a strong appeal to schoolmasters whose hearts are in the right place. One promise in it, of a Hakluyt "Anthology," suggests to us that one of "Q's" minor duties as editor, which he certainly will not overlook, is to add a volume which will make geography more reasonable with examples of foreign scenes from the pages of

the great explorers and travellers. A few passages from Dana, and "Round the Horn before the Mast," and from Shackleton's "South" would give an impression of the Southern Ocean which youngsters would understand was like that of no deep waters they knew; they would discover the region of the Tropics for another and a strange world, with some passages from Bates, Wallace, and Livingstone. Then what pictures of foreign cities, coasts, deserts, mountains, and forests are scattered throughout Kinglake, Doughty, Hudson, Norman Douglas, Thoreau, Cunningham Graham, and Conrad, to say nothing of the standard books of travel! That is the way to get it home, for it moves the interest, which is the only way to open the mind.

THIS is "geography," not by compilers of school tasks, but by men who themselves saw strange lands, and were moved by what they felt to record it, and so they set it down, not in a conventional jargon, but in the language of a fine emotion. Children, luckily, being innocents, readily respond to the language of noble emotion, not being shamed by it into cynical self-consciousness through a recollection of personal meanness and guile. Let us get them accustomed, while still tender and impressionable, not to the ideas and language of the daily Press, which we now accept as the best that man can do in its appropriate English, but to the language of that other world, where Macbeth can say:—

"... this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
 The deep damnation of his taking off;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other."

THAT is a message from the "King's Treasures." Could those who, when children, had their minds habitually in accord with its nobility, in these latter days have submitted to the ignominy our country now suffers? I do not think so. Let us, then, try again with our children. These little books are bright with the reflections from those superior lights. What boy would remain unmoved by Conrad's appeal in "Youth," which is given in this series?

"Whenever the old dismantled craft pitched heavily with her counter high in the air, she seemed to me to throw up, like an appeal, like a defiance, like a cry to the clouds without mercy, the words written on her stern: 'Judea, London, Do or Die.'"

What boy would not understand that address to him? Would he not know it was to himself alone? And the day will come, perhaps, if he is not dead to the call of those words, but bleakly sustains, in all weathers, though often numbed and despondent, that fidelity to a challenge so distant, so faint, so doubtful, that he, poor fellow, will sometimes question that he heard it, and will wish to believe, but we hope will not, that the call was an empty sound, like much else—the day will come when he will get his compensation. And what will that be, says he now, eagerly? Well, nothing more can be promised than that he shall know all that is in this from the same story:—

"I remember the drawn faces, the dejected figures of my two men, and I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last for ever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men; the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death; the triumphant conviction of strength, the heat of life in the handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim, grows cold, grows small, and expires—and expires too soon, too soon—before life itself."

There is a man living to-day near London who wrote that passage. Our speech, we see, can be still of a noble character. It is the men to use it we want.

H. M. T.

T. FISHER UNWIN'S BOOKS

ENGLISH WAYFARING LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

(14th century). By J. J. JUSSERAND. New Edition, revised and re-set, and with new Illustrations. Cloth, 25s. net.

"Pray do not order this volume at the library. Buy it if you are wise, and keep it as a joy for ever."—The Late Dr. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP in the *Nineteenth Century*.

A DEFENCE OF LIBERTY.

By the Hon. OLIVER BRETT. 12s. 6d. net.

This book deals with the origins and tendencies of modern political movements, and elaborates the idea that Socialism is really a reaction towards primitive conservatism.

ENGLAND AND THE NEW ERA.

By BROUGHAM VILLIERS. 12s. 6d. net.

"A consideration of the position in which the war has left the Empire, of the advance of democracy, and of the new statesmanship."—*Westminster Gazette*.

SPIRITUALISM. A Popular History from 1847.

By JOSEPH McCABE. 15s. net.

This book presents one of the most complete studies of a subject that is now engrossing so many minds in all parts of the world.

FRENCH CIVILISATION from its Origins to the close of the Middle Ages.

By Professor A. L. GUERARD. Cloth, 21s. net.

"History could scarcely be written with a greater degree of charm and inspiring suggestion."—*The Observer*.

SUPERS & SUPERMEN. Studies in Politics, History and Letters.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA. Cloth, 15s. net.

"Mr. Philip Guedalla has produced the most entertaining volume of historical and biographical studies that has appeared since 'Eminent Victorians.'"—*The Times*.

THE JOHNSON CLUB PAPERS, 1920.

By Various Hands. Edited by GEORGE WHALE and JOHN SARGEANT. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

This volume includes contributions from, among others, Edward Clodd, Sir George Radford, A. B. Walkley and H. B. Wheatley.

CHATS ON OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN, Author of "Chats on Old Silver," etc. Profusely illustrated. Cloth, 21s. net.

The author shows reasons why old Sheffield plate should be collected, and the volume is illustrated with many examples giving various styles and the development of the art, together with makers' marks.

A CHEECHAKO IN ALASKA AND YUKON.

By CHARLOTTE CAMERON, F.R.G.S. With many Illustrations. Cloth, 25s. net.

"Mrs. Charlotte Cameron is a fearless and enterprising traveller, and she has the gift of describing her travels with a vivacity that would make the dullest journey enjoyable."—*Liverpool Post*.

BOON.

By H. G. WELLS. With Illustrations by the Author. Second Edition. Cloth, 8s. net.

M.A.B. (Mainly About Books). An illustrated monthly magazine containing excerpts from new books. Specimen copy 2d. post free; annual subscription 15s. post free.

T. FISHER UNWIN, Ltd. 1, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

MRS. ASQUITH AND HER CRITICS

"I begin to detect signs of a reaction in favour of Mrs. Asquith and that very human document, her autobiography. People are beginning to think that the treatment she has received at the hands of anonymous literary critics verges on the venomous."

Candide in *The Sunday Pictorial*.

WHY HER MEMOIRS WILL LIVE

The Right Hon. C. F. G. Masterman, in *The Birmingham Gazette*, says: "The first thing to note is that this book is literature. Mrs. Asquith has produced a volume which in mere form and texture alone might be envied by the greatest of contemporary writers."

The Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, in *The Daily Mail*, says: "These memoirs might well find a place in the Bibliography of the Victorian era."

A. G. G., in *The Daily News*, says: "System and society recorded with an intensity, a truth and emotion that will make it live as a memory long after it has passed away as a fact."

The Spectator says: "The book justifies those who have declared it to be 'a true piece of literature' with all that such words import."

3rd EDITION NOW PRINTING

THE APOLOGIA OF GERMANY'S LEADING STATESMAN

Reflections on the World War

By TH. VON

BETHMANN HOLLWEG

[German Imperial Chancellor from 1909-1917.]

An intimate friend of the ex-Kaiser from the days when they were fellow-students at Bonn University, Bethmann Hollweg was far more in the confidence of his sovereign than any other contemporary Minister, and his book is an authoritative and singularly frank exposition of the aims and policy of that Emperor.

PART I. DEMY 8vo. CLOTH, 12s. 6d. net

THE OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST TRAGEDY OF MODERN TIMES

The Last Days of the Romanovs

From 15 March, 1917

PART I.—The **NARRATIVE** of Mr. Robert Wilton, Special Correspondent of *The Times*, who in company with the Investigating Magistrate escaped from Siberia with the entire original judicial record of the Koltchak investigation.

PART II.—Transcript of the **DEPOSITIONS** of eye-witnesses of the crime, taken from the original dossier. **With numerous illustrations from photographs**
DEMY 8vo. CLOTH, 15s. net

THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, LTD.

Reviews.

THE NOVELIST TURNED BIOLOGIST.

"Warfare in the Human Body." By MORLEY ROBERTS. With an Introduction by Professor ARTHUR KEITH. (Nash. 18s. net.)

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS has long been known as a novelist. He has experimented in more than one field of fiction, aided therein by an adventurous life on land and sea, at one time before the mast, in various parts of the world. It is less well known that Mr. Morley Roberts is also a patient and laborious student of biological, and especially pathological, problems, and in no amateurish spirit, but combining a wide vision with accurate knowledge of details. If any testimony is needed to the claim that Mr. Roberts must be taken seriously in the field he has so daringly entered, it is furnished in the introduction to this book by the distinguished Conservator of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, who in the course of it mentions his surprise when he discovered that "Morley Roberts, the erudite writer on medical and allied problems, was the same Morley Roberts who is known in Bohemia as an artist of noted skill with pen and brush."

In seeking to explain this remarkable phenomenon Professor Keith invokes the example of Pasteur, who, after gaining reputation in chemistry, turned with the scientific skill thus acquired to a totally different science and revolutionized our conception of disease. But, as Professor Keith realizes, the example scarcely illustrates the case of Mr. Roberts. The "Bohemia" in which it is claimed Mr. Roberts was trained is not a recognized school of scientific research. We may perhaps think, rather, of Samuel Butler, who, on the foundation of a general literary and scholarly culture, devoted himself to difficult biological problems, with results which, though in his own time regarded with a disdain he himself provoked, are now seen to be in the line of much recognized scientific thought. In some respects also he closely resembles the accomplished and versatile editor of the international journal, "Scientia," Eugenio Rignano, who, disclaiming competence in any special science, has insisted, like Mr. Roberts, on the fertilizing effects of bringing the ideas gained in one field of science into contact with another, as is set forth in his highly suggestive "Essays in Scientific Synthesis," not long since issued in an English dress. Even within the sphere of the various medical and allied sciences the illuminating results of what Rignano calls "unifying vision" in bringing two or three sciences together have sometimes been seen, as in Sir J. Bland Sutton's attractive little book in the Contemporary Science Series on "Evolution and Disease" (to which Mr. Roberts does justice), and in Dr. Woods Hutchinson's fascinating "Studies in Comparative Pathology"; while before and beyond these we have the inspiring example of Virchow, one of the greatest Masters of Medicine, who brought so many fields of knowledge within the vast range of his vision.

The special formative influence on Mr. Roberts's scientific work has doubtless been the personal experiences which have brought him into many-sided contact with human society in various parts of the world. His primary guiding idea, as he makes clear, is the existence of an analogy between society and the physical organism. We know society, Mr. Roberts argues, in some respects much better than we know the human body, and applying by analogy what we know of society to the body, we may further scientific knowledge. The idea is not, of course, original (it is found, for instance, in Woods Hutchinson, whose explanation of cancer was along the same path as Mr. Roberts's), but it is doubtless just now "in the air," and we may see it, for instance, in the newly published work, "Symbiosis: A Socio-Physiological Study of Evolution," by Mr. Reinheimer, a scientific writer who resembles Mr. Roberts in freedom from professional scientific prepossessions, although he has behind him a medical education, but, unlike Mr. Roberts, emphasizes the complicated reciprocity of symbiosis rather than its latent hostility. Mr. Roberts seems still a little obsessed by the atmosphere of the late war, which having Prussianized our military ideas seems now seeking to do the same for our scientific ideas. At the end of his book he

inserts an admittedly rather unrelated address which he delivered to officers in 1915 for their instruction in the conduct of war. Here, we may note, he begins by describing with a prophet's inspiration "the splendid natural activity of a military life," as he had observed it in Essex, but then, following an opposed course to that other prophet inspired beyond his own will, Balaam the son of Beor, he swiftly turns round to tell these unfortunate officers that they are just "grist for the military mill," and finally declares that an army is nothing but "an organized crowd in action," and that a crowd is beastly, reptilian, savage, mad, devilish. All very true, no doubt, but scarcely helpful to Mr. Roberts's scientific argument.

In this connection Mr. Roberts brings forward a rather unnecessary defence of analogy. It is well recognized that analogy is a most valuable and indeed inevitable mode of progression in thought. But one or two points of resemblance do not constitute a good analogy when they are counterbalanced by strong points of dissemblance. The analogy of society and an organism only becomes sound when we have in view some organism very low in the scale of life, for the higher organisms have this crucial point of dissemblance from society in that their units have become structurally and not merely functionally modified. It is much the same with the attempt to find biological analogies with war (not quite happily embodied in the title of the book), which certainly Mr. Roberts never found in the "Lectures on Pathology" of Dr. H. G. Sutton, that man of little recognized genius who first inspired Mr. Roberts to enter this field, for the lesson which it seemed to Sutton pathology taught is that of harmony and love, and he was indeed a mystic. (A characteristic sentence may here be quoted from Sutton's "Lectures": "I often feel that I would like to take the students and with them sit upon the earth naked, to know, to feel, to get our senses into Nature's widespread operations, to enable us to be a unity with the One.") Symbiosis—the relationship of mutual aid between two groups of cell colonies or organisms—may, Mr. Roberts argues, alike in society and in the human body, become a self-protection against mutual encroachment, an "armed neutrality," a "subdued hostility." In generalizing this idea he refers to the already recognized view that the bones are constructed on the mechanical principles of the thrust given and received that are employed in architecture. The body is built after the same rules as a cathedral. Mr. Roberts regards this as a kind of warfare, and uncritically adopts the saying, "Gothic architecture is a fight." But the essence of war, as Clausewitz laid down, is violence. In reality Mr. Roberts knows this quite well, and when he proceeds to describe the beautifully adjusted balance of opposing forces in these examples of man's and Nature's art, the exact mutual adjustment and harmony of thrusts (for even disease, in Mr. Roberts's view, is not destructive violence, but often a beneficial process of repair), he is describing something that in no way corresponds to war. It is only when this harmonious and adjusted opposition breaks down and ends in confused violence that we have what may be analogous to war. To describe a beautifully calculated and harmonious balance of forces as itself a warfare is thus the exact opposite of the truth.

To bring forward these preliminary critical considerations is not, even in the smallest degree, to discount the value of Mr. Roberts's work. For as soon as he comes to the details of his inquiry he is always careful, precise, and cautious, never seeking to state as certain what he recognizes as merely a tentative explanation. This method is admirably illustrated by the chapter in which he seeks to explain the cause of cancer, starting from a consideration of the skin inflammation caused by X-rays, and seeking for light, as he puts it, "not only in the lesser laboratory, but in the great laboratory of life all round us." The phenomena of zoological and political symbiosis are closely alike. We are all potential criminals at the mercy of excitation and inhibition. "All growth may be analyzed into excitation and inhibition." "Malignancy," or invasiveness, is characteristic of all growing tissue, and growth is ruled by the endocrine organs, so that it is not absurd to put cancers into related sub-classes with giantism and similar diseases connected with excess or defect of internal secretions. When we proceed to examine the precise mechanism of cancer we find it consists in the mutual relations of epithelium and connec-

METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS

Send your name and address to Messrs. Methuen and you will receive regularly their Illustrated Announcement List.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Messrs. METHUEN have just published a new book by
MARIE CORELLI

entitled

THE LOVE OF LONG AGO

and Other Stories.

Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

NEW GENERAL LITERATURE**SPECIALLY SELECTED: A Choice of Essays**

By E. V. LUCAS. With 90 Illustrations by G. L. STAMPA.
Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

ESSAYS ON BOOKS

By A. CLUTTON-BROCK. Author of "Essays on Art."
Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

By CHARLES LAMB. With an Introduction by E. V. LUCAS,
and 28 Illustrations by A. GARTH JONES. Fcap. 8vo.
5s. net.

This is a new and pocketable edition of the first Elia essays,
with illustrations by Mr. Garth Jones, who has brought to his
task a powerful pencil and keen critical and psychological vision.

THE USES OF DIVERSITY

By G. K. CHESTERTON. A New Book of Essays. Fcap. 8vo.
6s. net.

THE SACRED WOOD: Essays on Poetry

By T. S. ELIOT. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN SCOTLAND, 1488-1688

A Sketch of the Development of Furniture and Household
Custom (Rhind Lectures in Archaeology, 1919-20). By JOHN
WARRACK, F.S.A.Scot. With illustrations. Demy 8vo.
7s. 6d. net.

THE COMPLETE AIRMAN

By Captain G. C. BAILEY, D.S.O., R.A.F., B.Sc.,
Assoc.M.Inst.C.E. With many illustrations. Demy 8vo.
16s. net. A complete text-book on Aviation.

GEORGE MORROW, HIS BOOK

One hundred pictures by GEORGE MORROW. With an
Introduction by E. V. LUCAS. Crown 4to. 6s. net.

LUSTRE POTTERY

By LADY EVANS, M.A. With 24 Plates. Royal quarto.
£2 12s. 6d. net.

This is the first volume devoted to lustre that has been
published.

METHUEN & CO., Ltd., 36, Essex St., London, W.C.2.

ARROWSMITH, BRISTOL**FICTION.****A Case in Camera**

By OLIVER ONIONS. 7s. 6d. net.

A strange tale of murder in Chelsea. Can you guess the
secret?

Smith and the Pharaohs

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. 7s. 6d. net.

"An ingenious and delightful yarn."—*The Globe*.

Old Bristol Potteries

By W. J. POUNTNEY. £2 12s. 6d. net.

Royal 8vo., 400 pp. Over 100 Illustrations, with
Frontispiece in Colour. Printed on Line Wove Paper
and handsomely bound.

The Engineering Enquiry

(Electrical and Mechanical)

By TOMEY THOMPSON. 7s. 6d.

Tabulates numerically the complete information which
Electrical and Mechanical Manufacturers need in their
Engineering Enquiries.

"Really meets a long-felt want."—*Electrical Times*.

"Should prove invaluable."—*The Organiser*.

BRISTOL: J. W. ARROWSMITH, LTD., 11, QUAY STREET.
Simpkin Marshall & Company, London, E.C. 4.

Dairy Butter

is ruinous in price

and frequently inferior in quality

as every housewife knows, and is likely to become yet
dearer, but

"P.R." NUT BUTTERS

are inexpensive, free from all preservatives, extremely
palatable, and there is no risk of their containing
tubercular germs. They are, moreover, superior in nutritive
value to the best dairy butter. The increasing popularity
of "P.R." Nut Butters testifies to their excellence.
Stocked by all high-class Grocers and Health Food Stores.
If any difficulty in obtaining write for full particulars and
carriage paid terms.

Cashew and Hazel ... 2s. 1d. per lb.
Coconut ... 1s. 11d. "
Almond ... 2s. 4d. "



The Wallace "P.R." Foods Co., Ltd.,
24, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, London, N.8.

FURNITURE for Cash

The best Stock of Furniture in London
at LOWEST PRICES
for Excellence of Quality and Design

Wm. SPRIGGS & Co: Ltd 238-241 Tottenham Court Rd W1

The only Investment which does not de-
preciate in value is a Life Assurance Policy

INSURE WITH THE
PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE Co. Ltd.

The New Psychology

and its Relation to Life.

By A. G. TANSLEY. 10s. 6d. *Second Impression*.

An attempt to combine the various lines of modern psychological
research in a unified picture of the human mind and its activities.

"It is difficult to do anything but advise all who take even a
slight interest in the mind of man, in politics, sociology, education,
religion, or art, to buy the book and read every word of it.
between this book and all previous expositions of the Freudian
doctrine there is a world of difference. . . the book is inspired by
a strict and noble optimism."—*Nation*.

"Since the appearance, now many years ago, of McDougall's
'Introduction to Social Psychology,' no psychological work more
fascinating or more important to the general public has appeared
than this . . . an exceedingly temperate and thoroughly trustworthy
account of present-day psychology."—*Lancet*.

"An extraordinarily interesting book."—*Truth*.

Ruskin House,
GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, Ltd., 40, Museum St., London, W.C. 1

**TWO NOTABLE BOOKS OF
REMARKABLE INTEREST TO-DAY.**

"THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD." Price 5/-
An answer to the world problem which faces
human society universally, and of supreme
interest and importance at the present time.

"THE RISE AND CONSUMMATION OF THE AEON." Price 6/-
A book that will stagger many minds, but will
enlighten all thinking people who seriously con-
template the present day with fear and suspense.

Both Books by the Rev. HOLDEN EDWARD SAMPSON, Author
of "Progressive Creation," "Progressive Redemption,"
"Theou Sophia," etc.

Obtainable from the Publishers:—
W. RIDER & SON, Ltd., 8-11, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4,
or direct from the Author,
13, St. Alban's Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

BOOKS AT BARGAIN PRICES.
Autumn Catalogue Now Ready.

Do not miss these Rare Bargains, but send for a copy of
Catalogue to-day, and ask for your name and address to be
registered for future issues.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD., Booksellers,
265, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE. RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.
Sun Lounge. Turkish Baths. Massage. Lift.

tive tissue. It is in their mutual influence and its excesses and defects, in the symbiosis between the two tissues, that Mr. Roberts finds the real explanation of sarcoma and epithelioma; irritation, infection, and the other alleged causes being real factors in the matter, but merely secondary. "Anything that throws the organism out of gear is a possible factor of malignancy, and that is the reason why, with the increase of wealth, a new and highly varied environment, which tends to produce variation, makes for the increase of such disease," though, one may comment, Mr. Roberts will find plenty of cancer among people living the simplest lives of routine in the most peaceful rural districts, and there is much to be said for those who lay stress in this connection on the isolation of a physiologically decadent organ in an organism generally robust and well nourished. Malignancy is a failure of developmental machinery. But whether or not this is a final explanation of cancer, and Mr. Roberts modestly disclaims anything but a provisional result, we feel that a highly difficult and debated question has been put on a broad and rational foundation, and illuminated from several sides. The discussion well illustrates Mr. Roberts's argument that "the divisions between physiology, pathology, and biology are responsible in a very large measure for the slowness with which they all advance."

The next essay on Repair in Evolution (followed up by a subsequent essay on Heredity and Environment), furnishes a yet more far-reaching suggestion, the more notable because of its temerity in questioning a widely accepted belief. But, as Mr. Roberts truly remarks, "Every Bible is first a book of revelation and then a refuge for reaction." Darwin held that evolution is mainly due to small fortuitous variations which are transmitted when favorable and eliminated when unfavorable. This doctrine Mr. Roberts here queries. What, he asks, do we mean by "disadvantageous" or injurious? If we believe, what has often been stated, that growth takes place in reaction to stress, just in the same way as in engineering and architecture, we may have to realize that "the function of disease in evolution is of much greater importance than that of mere elimination." If we realize the processes as found in every kind of human constructive effort, we may come to see that all great variational developments result, not from the happy-go-lucky aggregation of small advantageous variations, or from discontinuous variations, Mendelian or not, but from repair in response to partial failure, a reaction, that is to say, to some actual or threatened breakdown, analogous to the buttress by which the architect meets the outward thrust of his walls which might otherwise threaten to fall. "Variation in the structure of living organisms follows exactly the same principle." The mammal, with all its complexity, may be regarded as the result of infinite ages of functioned failure or disease, met by processes of reaction and repair. The variation itself may be a failure of normal function, but if the few that recover become a new species, a mended race, it is no longer disease, and may even prove truly advantageous. The example of the heart is happily invoked, "a perfect museum of extraordinary failures and dislocations, compensated for by an extraordinary complication of patched-up tissues . . . moulded and re-moulded on the general lines of mechanical construction, breakdown, and repair." We learn to see that "by failure itself may come eventual perfection." We cannot here invoke random spontaneous variations. It seems obvious that there has been a series of caused variations due to increased and varying stresses, just as happens in an aneurism. Probably the human heart is even now being re-moulded, perhaps chiefly while still in the womb, responding with plastic embryonic tissues to new stresses. The stomach has developed similarly, and Mr. Roberts suggests that dilatation of the stomach, which to-day is a disordered condition, may eventually become balanced with the rest of the organism, and even prove a permanently advantageous modification. Every variation, he feels fortified to maintain, is definitely caused; it is not accidental or spontaneous. Every organism is a complex of definite reactions to definite stresses. "Life is built up by stopping leaks." This argument obviously assumes that such reactions are hereditary, and Mr. Roberts believes that organisms do tend to repeat themselves, invoking as regulators in this field the action of the internal secretions, which we know, in fact, to

have so profoundly regulative an action. "In this way a bridge may perhaps be built between the orthodox Weismannian and the Lamarckian."

In subsequent essays, sweeping away mere verbal attempts at explanation, and in his characteristic way enlarging the basis of generalization, Mr. Roberts deals with the alleged "inhibitory" action of the vagus nerve on the heart, and with the theory of "immunity," which he seeks to reduce to the general fact that "living protoplasm develops machinery to deal with the assaults it undergoes." Mr. Roberts seems less happily inspired in a subsequent excursion into the sphere of anthropology, on the place of cannibalism in human evolution. Accepting, as is now widely done, the validity of Remy de Gourmont's law of Intellectual Constancy (but making no reference to that famous thinker), and proceeding to inquire how it was that man so early acquired his high intellectual level, he hazards the supposition that it was the pursuit by war of his fellows for the purpose of food, and the peculiar dietetic value of that food, producing a more rapid development of cerebral and mental characteristics than has been possible since the practice was discontinued. He reasserts, and with more emphasis than ever, the old assumption as to the primitive origin alike of war and of cannibalism, without troubling to discuss the investigations and discussions of writers like Holsti, G. C. Wheeler, and W. J. Perry on war, and of Westermarck on cannibalism. It cannot even be said that he pauses to consider whether the alleged results of cannibalistic diet are in fact seen among peoples adopting it. The objection to the view he puts forward is not, as Mr. Roberts seems to think, that it is shocking to some people, for that is no matter, but that it fails to take account of a vast number of relevant facts and considerations. The place of the imagination in science, which Mr. Roberts invokes, is undisputed, but even anthropology is not a completely free field for imagination to disport in, and, if it were, others besides Mr. Roberts would be able to dance in it, and to quite different tunes.

Yet while these essays may differ in value, and it would seem that it is in those of pathological subject that Mr. Roberts has his "unifying vision" most under control, they are nearly all well worthy the attention of thoughtful readers who will not be repulsed by the technical terms that are sometimes inevitable. There is, however, something more to be said about them. They will bring to some readers a sense of fresh air, of joyous exhilaration, such as are too rarely experienced by contact with the subjects here discussed. The tendency of science is ever more and more towards specialization. The worker must shut himself in to the contemplation of problems that every day become smaller relatively to the whole vast field, and every day leave him with less spare time to cast a glance over that vast field. The giants of old days could work in large and fruitful ways which even for them would be impossible in our time. Leonardo da Vinci, all whose training for science was in art, yet a supreme master of science, by virtue of his courageous and single-eyed devotion to Nature wherever she might lead, by virtue, also, of his calm and piercing vision into the actual facts of the world, could pass from one sphere of observation to another, laying the foundations of a dozen sciences as he went. There will never be another Leonardo. But still, now and again, some humble disciple appears in the school of which he was the glorious master. When we chance to come across one let us be glad.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

CONTINUATIONS.

"Thucydides," Vol. II., by C. F. SMITH; "Plutarch's Lives," by B. PERRIN; "Seneca's Moral Epistles," by R. M. GUMMERE; "Martial's Epigrams," by W. C. A. KER; "Marcus Cornelius Fronto," by C. R. HAINES. Loeb Classics. Text and Translation. (Heinemann. 10s. each net.)

The Ministry of Reconstruction informs us in one of its pamphlets that neither Livy nor Plutarch loses much in translation. This view seems to imply an imperfect appreciation of the great Latin writer. His theme was not really the history of Rome, as we understand history nowadays,



The
Conway Stewart
LEVER FILLER
PEN

LET this pen lighten your labours. To fill it is the work of an instant. To write with it is a joy.

It has a generous ink capacity—has a ready, steady flow. It does not jib, stub, spatter, or spurt. It does not blot—the “pockets” in the feed prevent that. It does not leak or sweat in your pocket—the screw cap makes both impossible.

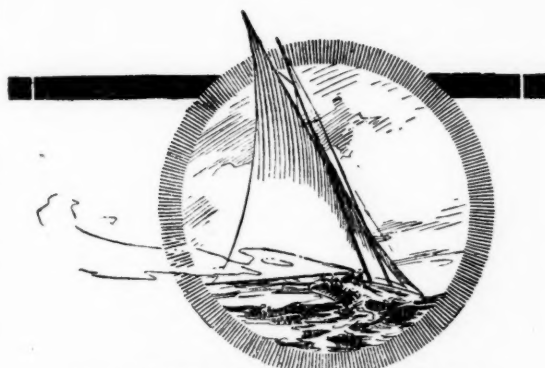
“The Pen of Great Performance”

It is a well-balanced pen, kind to your fingers and a handsome pen withal. It has a perfect, 14-carat gold nib which makes writing delightful. It looks like a guinea pen—and acts like one. It is the original English-Made Lever Filler. It is made as well as pen can be made—is guaranteed for ever.

10/6 OF ALL STATIONERS 10/6



If you experience any difficulty in obtaining, send remittance and specimen nib direct to the Makers: Conway Stewart & Co., Ltd., 31 & 32, Shoe Lane, London, E.C. 4.



AS FRESH AND COOL
AS THE OCEAN AIR

**PLAYER'S
NAVY MIXTURE**

“Pipe Perfect”

IN THREE STRENGTHS.

White Label.

Mild and Medium.

10 ¹/₂ D.
Per Oz.

1/-
Per Oz.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

P.885 Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



**A Protection
against Cold**

ON cold damp days a cup of hot Rowntree's Cocoa taken before going out is a great assistance in keeping you comfortable and warm. By increasing energy and vitality Rowntree's Cocoa fosters the healthy warmth which comes from within. It is excellent for breakfast on raw wintry mornings.

Rowntree's
ELECT
Cocoa



but the Roman ideal and the Roman view of life. Colored though that ideal had come to be by the study of Greek, it retained many of its original elements. This fact was, of course, perceived by Virgil, and, although he could not but describe the Romans as the lords of the world, he did not forget to add that they were the race of the gown. They went forth with the trumpet and the ensign, but even in the days of their corruption, much more in the long era of their true greatness, their desire often was to crown their victories with statecraft and law. In this spirit Livy applied himself to his great task, and his style is the child of his spirit. In order to appreciate his view of the greatness of Rome we must read it in his own words. With Plutarch it is not so. He is less national and more modern. His matter, like his qualities, is excellent, and he knows well what becomes a biographer. He may have made small slips in matters of fact, but the men in his pages are alive, and his humanity is eternally fresh. In his style, however, there is little or nothing that defies conveyance, and the reader of Mr. Perrin's work may take alternate pages of text and of translation with no great sense of difference. We cannot, indeed, say that Mr. Perrin avoids all the traps that await a translator. Thus he writes "a certain Cineas" where a modern would say "a man named Cineas," and he retains before a vocative the Greek interjection which we normally discard. With a few like exceptions his version is a creditable piece of work.

In translating the third and fourth books of the great Athenian's history Mr. Smith has had a more difficult task. He has, however, the assistance of a long array of annotators, some at least of whom have helped to elucidate the text. We could wish that he had included among his authorities a little and little-known edition of the fourth book by two Oxford scholars, the late A. T. Barton and the living A. S. Chavasse. It would have saved him from some errors. Thus, in a passage dealing with the Spartan prisoners in Sphacteria, he adopts a false conjecture of Madvig's and an impossible punctuation. His version runs:—

"For it was their men they made a special point of recovering, while Brasidas was still in good luck. If he were still further successful and established the contending forces on an even footing, the likelihood was that they would still be deprived of these men, and it was doubtful whether, fighting on equal terms, they could prevail with the remainder."

Now they could not recover the men except by an armistice, and they were considering what motives the Athenians might have for granting one. One motive would be the unexpected success of Brasidas and the possibility that he might win the war even without the help of the Spartans now imprisoned on the island. This possibility, as Thucydides tells us, was recognized by the Athenians, while their possession of the prisoners, of course, enabled them to demand satisfactory terms.

Now hear Barton and Chavasse:—

"For the men, be it observed, they thought it especially important to recover when Brasidas was still prospering, and when, after his unparalleled progress and trimming of the balance, they might remain without them, and yet by retaliating fairly with the rest have a steady chance of finally prevailing."

This makes all clear, and is the natural meaning of the Greek. Our translators might indeed have made the point yet clearer by writing "though they remained without them, they might yet"—but this change does not affect the sense. Thucydides is no easy author and always demands careful reading, but his commentators and translators must bear the blame of their own misapprehension.

Mr. Gummere does well with Seneca's moralizings, but in technical episodes he is less satisfactory. Thus, when Seneca visits the country house that once belonged to the elder Scipio Africanus, and learns from its present occupant how to translate aged olives and vines, the terms seem to be beyond the translator's reach. For an olive-yard he gives us an olive-stock and for roots fibres. The word which normally means a turnip, and was used for what our nurserymen call a ball, is on its first appearance rightly translated, but a little lower figures as a sucker, only to provide a puzzle for gardeners. Gardeners will also be surprised to find well-water, normally hard, commended to their use. Actually, the water named by Seneca is tank-water, which is normally soft. A large cisterna, into

which roof-water runs, is still a common adjunct of an Italian country house. It is not always a beautiful object, and Scipio's was placed behind a screen of shrubs. In a quotation from Ovid Mr. Gummere renders "insectis" by "following," an unacceptable novelty.

Mr. Ker concludes his version of Martial. It is as good as it may be, but often in an epigram of Martial half the charm is in his Latin.

Mr. Haines is the first translator of Fronto. The world will lose little if he prove to be the last.

THE CASE OF CONSTANTINE I.

"Constantine I. and the Greek People." By PAXTON HIBBEN. (New York: The Century Co.)

THE tragedy of Greece and of the Greek King was a minor incident in the grand drama of the war, and, save for the startling reminder of this week, most people might have forgotten even the little that they once knew about it. They remember, perhaps, that Constantine was a brother-in-law of the Kaiser, and, therefore, a pro-German, and that to-day, as a just punishment, he forms one of that goodly company of ex-kings and ex-emperors who dwell in Switzerland, Holland, or the suburbs of London. Mr. Paxton Hibben, an American journalist, who was in Greece from the summer of 1915 to the spring of 1917, and who had considerable opportunities of watching events from the inside, now publishes a book which is a terrific indictment of M. Venizelos, and seeks to prove that Constantine only acted as a constitutional, democratic, and patriotic monarch, and that, instead of being a pro-German, he was willing to enter the war on the side of the Allies against the Central Powers. Here is a very pretty problem for the historian. The conflict of opinion upon almost every incident in Greece during the first two and a half years of the war is really remarkable. For instance, one may read in the current number of so well-informed a journal as "The New Europe" that "there was King Constantine plotting, as everyone knew, with his brother-in-law in Berlin," and that "the events of December, 1916, in which the Constantinians massacred French troops as well as Venezelist followers in the streets of Athens, gave the Western statesmen food for thought." Turn to Mr. Hibben's pages and you learn that the efforts of King Constantine to come to an agreement with the Entente as to the terms on which Greece was to join the Allies were again and again sabotaged by M. Venizelos and his friends in Paris and London, and that the events of December, 1916, in which the French made an unprovoked attack upon and bombarded an open neutral town, and in which the followers of Venizelos made a treacherous attack upon the Constantinians, united the inhabitants of Athens and old Greece solidly against Venizelos and on the side of their King. The Greek elections have done a good deal to prove this part of Mr. Hibben's statement. His angle of vision may be a little too sharp to allow us to accept his whole picture as an accurate photograph. But half of his case is indisputably good, that half which may be summed up in the statement that the case of the Allies and M. Venizelos is bad. The documents in this book, the Notes to Greece, and the terms of the two ultimatums in particular, are sufficient to prove that the policy of France and Britain in Greece (it was more a policy of France than of this country) between 1914 and 1917 and their treatment of the King and his Governments, were absolutely indefensible. That their policy was approved, if not inspired, by M. Venizelos for his own purposes is a conclusion difficult to avoid: whether a statesman who encourages Great Powers to impose a policy upon his small country by means of blockade and starvation is really a "great patriot," is a delicate question in the casuistry of twentieth-century patriotism.

An impartial judge must, in fact, dismiss the case of the Allies and M. Venizelos as non-proven, for the plaintiff who enters the court of history must have at least moderately clean hands. This, of course, does not settle more than half the historical problem raised by Mr. Hibben's book. He successfully knocks the bottom out of the case of the opponents of King Constantine. He is not quite so successful



"Her" Gift

SHE had wondered, and wondered, and wondered; and had tried in vain to find out what he would really like best of all for the occasion. Someone suggested Waterman's Ideal. "The very thing!" she declared. "The very thing!" he declared, too, with enthusiasm, when he opened the package. "It's just what I've been wanting for YEARS."

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Three Types: "Self-Filling" and "Safety," 17/6 and upwards; "Regular," 12/6 and upwards; No. 54, "Self-Filling," and No. 44, "Safety," with extra large nib, at 22/6, especially recommended.

Nibs to suit all hands—exchanged gratis if not quite right. Of Stationers and Jewellers. Write for Illustrated List to—

L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner,
Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.



IN making continued effort to be rich, do not let us forget that we have minds and souls as well as bodies. Costly clothing, expensive feeding, grand establishments; opulence can bring all these—but it cannot bring happiness. Happiness is an affair of the mind, not of the body. It can be gained by quickening certain mental faculties that have been atrophied by neglect or by the race for wealth.

To possess a sense of perspective in things, and of relative values; to have trustworthy judgment and a sensitive appreciation, is to be safeguarded against disappointment, disillusion, and deception. People so endowed are tranquil: they do not exhaust themselves with vaulting ambitions, for they find life sweet and redundantly opulent.

THE ART OF LIFE COURSE

has been framed to make a short cut to this endowment of TRUE WEALTH. It gives knowledge in things not taught in schools. It trains for judgment in the Arts; discernment of natural laws; sensitiveness to unsuspected Beauty; and a scientific relating of all these things to form a philosophy of life.

The soundness of the Art of Life Course is put above question by the collaboration of the following eminent authorities in the arts: Ernest Newman, W. J. Turner, Edmund Blunden, and F. C. Tilney.

Fill up and forward the form below.

To The Principal, The Art of Life Courses,
28, John St., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

Please send particulars of The Art of Life Courses as advertised in "The Nation."

(Sign stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss).....

(Address).....

SPECIAL PURCHASE OF FINEST AUSTRALIAN JAMS

SUPERB QUALITY AT HALF THE CURRENT PRICES.

In hermetically-sealed tins—

QUINCE;

**MELON and GINGER;
MELON and LEMON.**

27 oz. nett, 1/6 per tin; 17/6 per dozen.

Case of 48 tins, as imported, 70/-

MELON & PINEAPPLE,

32 oz. nett, 1/10 per tin; 21/6 per dozen.

Case of 48 tins, as imported, 84/6.

Parcels value 20/- sent carriage paid.

Send three stamps for complete list of Health Foods, and "Aids to a Simpler Diet."

PITMAN HEALTH FOOD Co., 329, Aston Brook St., BIRMINGHAM.

To Save Sugar and Improve the Flavour of Stewed Fruits, Rhubarb, Fruit Pies, &c., Use this Jam in place of Sugar, or Half Jam and Half Sugar.

ANTI-REPRISALS ASSOCIATION

Executive Committee:

Lieut.-Commr. the Hon. J. H. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.
J. C. SWINBURNE-HANHAM, Esq.
C. K. CHESTERTON, Esq.
AUSTIN HARRISON, Esq.
EDWARD CARNETT, Esq.

ROYDON C. HOPKINS, Esq.
H. C. CHANCELLOR, Esq.
STANLEY UNWIN, Esq.
Dr. HORTON.
Rev. HAROLD RYLETT.
S. H. RYLETT, Esq.

Hon. General Secretary:

Miss MARY MACKENZIE.

Hon. Organiser and Treasurer:

S. H. RYLETT.

Temporary Address:

158, FLEET STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.

Help in the fight against the Government's terrible tyranny in Ireland, and compel the Government to stop their system of reprisals which is dragging the fair name of England in the mire, by:—

- Joining the Anti-Reprisals Association.
- Forming branches of the Association.
- Collecting and sending funds to the Hon. Treasurer.

Banish tiredness with a

MUSTARD BATH



A bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD or the contents of a carton of specially prepared BATH MUSTARD.

"Tired of so much within our little life."
Tennyson.



"Let Mustard prepare your bath."

in getting to the bottom of the case of the King. In the main, that case was, we think, that Constantine was for Greek neutrality, but that he did offer, at great risk, a Greek division to the Allies. He did *not* offer the whole Greek Army, denuding his country's frontiers: first, because he was convinced that Bulgaria and Turkey had an understanding, and were ready to join hands and sweep him (with German aid) away; secondly, because we were not then in a position to give him military support against the invasion and occupation of his country; and, thirdly, because he calculated that with the capture of the ports the East Mediterranean waters would be swept by German submarines. Was that an unfriendly decision? It was certainly a cautious one. And it may well be called patriotic.

NOVELS OF ANALYSIS.

"The Romantic." By MAY SINCLAIR. (Collins. 9s. net.)

"The Last Fortnight." By MARY AGNES HAMILTON. (Collins 9s. net.)

"The Widow's Cruse." By HAMILTON FYFE. (Parsons 7s. 6d. net.)

"Catherine Herself." By JAMES HILTON. (Unwin. 8s. net.)

It is noteworthy that almost all the best work of our finest writers is concerned with feelings and intuitions, seldom or never with morals or schools of thought. Every one of the novels in this batch, for instance, which begins with a story by one of the foremost women writers of to-day and ends with a first book by a young undergraduate, is an essay in psychology. Even "The Widow's Cruse," light, witty, and utterly free from the plague of "high-browism," is just the tale of a delusion, an analysis of the stages of comic hero-worship. These are not tales that are told, they are glimpses into that everlasting mystery—what it feels like to be somebody else.

"The Romantic," it must be confessed, goes so far in the analytic direction that, for all its power, it arouses a certain resentment in its reader, who inevitably asks before the last pages are reached why so delicate a talent as Miss Sinclair's should be diverted to pure pathology. For "The Romantic" would have been written quite differently if its author had not given herself over to the science of psycho-analysis. It is a study of cowardice, of cowardice shown on a battlefield, but caused by sex abnormality. Put in another way, it is the tale of a spirit in prison, a spirit fighting for the relief denied it by the body in which it is temporarily confined. In that fight it finds satisfaction for its impulses in spiritual cruelty. It is a subject as tragic as any that could be found. But Miss Sinclair looks at it at last as a scientist rather than as an artist. She gives a clinical diagnosis in which the human sorrow and agony is almost lost in the sense of satisfaction which a physician cannot but feel when he has tracked disease to its cause. Perhaps the most suitable place for "The Romantic" is on the shelves where the science of psychology stacks its case-books. But the book is a terrible condemnation of the reckless ignorance we still show in dealing with cases of crime and madness. We shudder at medieval dungeons, but we have no right to do so as long as we refuse to apply the results of psychology to the unhappy inmates of our prisons and asylums.

Mrs. Hamilton is wonderfully direct in the way she gets her most subtle results. She is as simple as Jane Austen, though not so fortunate in the class of society it falls to her lot to depict. For these pretentious, pinchbeck people of middle-class London life, with their slightly vulgar tastes, are not lovable but hateful. There is something acrid and bitter in these useless, affected women of the London clubs, and their cruelty is uglier and more unimaginative than anything known in the Austenish world. The household that Mrs. Cordery blights is horrible, because it is so meanly pretentious that life and joy, even that of a poor kitten, flickers out in its deadly air. The truth of the picture is as convincing as its artistry. For "The Last Fortnight" shows

in a few plain lines why middle-class city life produces such an effect of deadly boredom, why it is so futile. Mrs. Cordery is a woman of strong desires, even of ambitions, but she has no outlet whatever for these. She is like a power-driven machine that has nothing to work on and so beats itself to bits. There are millions of women like her in this island to whom a revolution would be a moral blessing. But it would come in vain, for when catastrophe falls on Mrs. Cordery she, like all her kind, learns nothing from it. One doubts whether death itself can do much for such people.

"The Widow's Cruse" is a modern version of the saying: "Call no man happy till he is dead." It is a fantasia on the subject of that deification of a man's memory which sometimes begins when he is in his grave. For it is not Ireland only that is offered everything too late. Florence, the mourning widow whom nobody ever called Flo, is a delightful instance of a common foible. Her husband, a dull dog of a novelist who never gets a popular success, fortunately dies, leaving a trilogy of novels in manuscript that win him posthumous fame. His wife, instead of marrying again, turns herself into a living tribute to his memory, a true "relict of the above." The point of the joke is, of course, that it might happen to any of us. We might be revered in our tomb, or we might even live in ecstatic devotion to a man or woman whom in life we had consistently despised. For we really are the quaint shadows that Mr. Hamilton Fyfe galvanizes in his puppet-show. The tale is as light as good pastry and as wholesome for those with healthy stomachs.

"Catherine Herself" is a queer bit of analytic work, and very striking as a first novel. Its method is new, for one does not perceive the hand of the analyst till the story is built up, and then, at a touch, the whole structure dissolves into thin air. Catherine, whom we had taken to be a strong, self-sustained will, builds up a reputation as a pianist. Then with sudden illness all her power goes—and we realize at last that, all through, she has not been "herself." She has been an automaton led by suggestion. The illusion is not quite perfect at the moment of change, but the vigor of the character-drawing, the directness of observation, shown by Mr. Hilton prove him to be a born novelist.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Industrial Colonies and Village Settlements for the Consumptive." By Sir GERMAN WOODHEAD, M.D., and P. C. VARIET-JONES, M.R.C.S. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS profitable study has mainly grown out of the failure of the sanatorium system with its exclusive fetish of "open air" treatment. It gives a general recapitulation of the work already achieved, and lays down the principles by which the founders and executive of the Papworth Scheme and Bourn Colony (founded in 1915) seek both to check the spread of epidemic tuberculosis and to give the patient a *psychological* as well as physical recovery. The great point about these farm-colonies is the provision of work useful both to the community and to the self-respect of the patient. This is tackling the problem on the right lines, for the sense of isolation from the stream of life, and the morbidity, valetudinarianism, and sheer idleness enforced upon the inmates of sanatoria have made them more dreaded than the workhouse by the self-supporting workman. The Cambridge After-Care Committee secured the aid of the Friendly Societies, and great attention has been paid to the building of suitable open-air shelters, to the development of different trades and handicrafts congenial to the training and aptitudes of the settlement inmates, to the proper balance of their leisure and occupation, and to their apprenticeship for wage-earning on recovery. It is the aim of the writers to make these colonies as far as possible self-supporting, and thus to combat the futility and emptiness of sanatorium existence. A wise and hopeful experiment, and the authors are fully alive to the dangers of exploiting the patients. The authors of this valuable account make a just and sharp criticism upon the political dodge of the "9d. for 4d." deception.

MEETINGS, &c.

On the occasion of the Meeting in London of the Officers of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance,

A MASS MEETING

To Celebrate the ENFRANCHISEMENT of the WOMEN of the UNITED STATES, and to welcome Mrs. CHAPMAN CATT,

Who led Twenty-Six Million American Women to Victory, will be held at The Central Hall, Westminster, MONDAY, Nov. 29th, at 8 p.m.

SPEAKERS: Mrs. Chapman Catt, Viscountess Astor, M.P. Mrs. Fawcett, J.P., LL.D., and representatives of the Women's Movement in other countries.

CHAIR: Miss E. F. Rathbone, J.P., C.C., M.A.

TICKETS: Numbered and Reserved, 10/-, 5/-, 2/6. Unreserved, 1/- & 6d. A few free seats.

Apply Miss Turner, Orchard House, Great Smith St., S.W.1.

This will be an historic and unique Meeting. Don't fail to come.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY ORDER OF SERVICE—Mortimer Hall, 33, Mortimer Street, W. (near Queen's Hall). Course of Public Lectures on "Universal Brotherhood," every Tuesday, at 8 p.m. November 23rd—Speaker: Major H. Barnes, M.P., on "Position and Prospects of the League of Nations." Solo Pianist: Isobel Gray. Admission Free.

WHAT WAR MEANS.—A Series of Lunch Hour Addresses on this subject will be given at Devonshire House, 136, Bishopsgate, E.C.2, from 1.20 to 1.50 p.m., on Mondays November 15th to December 20th inclusive. November 22nd: "What War Means in Religion," by Carl Heath.

TO LET.

TO LET.—From December 15th until Easter or longer, simply furnished cottage on Chilterns; Gt. Missenden 4 miles. Rent 2½ guineas for winter months.—Apply Box M. P., NATION, 170, Fleet-street, E.C.4.

Now Ready.

ALL INVESTORS

should read the introductory article to the November, 1920, Quarterly Supplement (price 1s. post free) of

"THE 100 BEST INVESTMENTS"

ENTITLED

"THE INVESTMENT OUTLOOK,"

Which deals fully with the course to be adopted by the prudent investor. The Quarterly Supplement contains comprehensive up-to-date details of 100 specially selected securities, covering the whole available field of investment—from Government Loans to Ordinary Shares in Industrial Companies—together with a number of useful tables and hints of value to everyone concerned with the remunerative employment of capital

(PRICE 1s. POST FREE)

on receipt of remittance to the Publishers:

The British, Foreign and Colonial Corporation, Ltd., Investment Bankers,
57, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

Educational, Art Galleries, Sales by Auction, Book-sellers, Typewriting and other miscellaneous advertisements are inserted in "The Nation" at 1/3 per line each insertion.

Advertisements should be sent with remittance to:
The Advt. Manager, "The Nation."
170, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

EDUCATIONAL.

BUCKHURST HILL GIRLS' SCHOOL, ESSEX.—Beautifully situated on high ground. Well-graded education for pupils (9-18). The Programmes of the Parents' Union School are followed. A highly qualified staff is in residence. Pupils prepared for the Senior Oxford, Higher Local, London Matriculation, and for Music and Art. Many recent successes. Particular attention paid to health and physical development. Illustrated prospectus on application to the Principal: Miss Beatrice Gardner.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS (10 to 18 years). Physical Culture, Riding, Driving, Gardening, Dairy Work, Poultry Farming, Handicrafts, and Domestic Science, with usual subjects and languages. Prospectus from Mrs. Shelley, West House, Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk.

S. MARGARET'S SCHOOL, HARROW.—Girls, 8-18. Preparation for Matriculation. Education, with Residence, £125 per annum; Education, without Residence, £40 approx. Entrance Examination, July.

BIRKBECK COLLEGE.

DAY and EVENING COURSES for the degrees of the University of London in the Faculties of Arts, Science and Laws. Courses in classical French, English, German and Italian LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE are open to Non-University Students. Calendar 1s., by post 1s. 4d. Prospectus free. Birkbeck College, G. F. TROUP HORNE, E.C.4. Secretary.

TRAVEL.

PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS.

(For Gentlemen and Ladies.)

Dec. 9.—EGYPT and PALESTINE. 8 weeks. 285 gns.
Feb. 4.—Great Cities of ITALY. 30 days. 79 gns.
Feb. 17.—ALGERIA—TUNISIA. 31 days. 98 gns.
March.—SICILY and CALABRIA. 35 days. 98 gns.
Programme from MISS BISHOP, F.R.G.S., 159, Auckland Road, S.E. 19

GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS LTD.

Agents for St. MORITZ & VILLARS.

Rates for 37 Hotels de Luxe and Pensions, from £6 13s. and £4 0s. 6d. per week inclusive.
WINTER ON THE RIVIERA. Rates, including return rail, 4 weeks' Hotel, £18 13s. and upwards. 176, Fleet Street.

AUTHORS, AGENTS, &c.

THE LONDON SECRETARIAT LITERARY BUREAU.**LITERARY AGENTS—SYNDICATORS—PUBLISHERS.**

We are more than an ordinary Literary Agency. Apart from advising upon and placing with editors and publishers, authors' MSS. of novels, short stories, plays and articles, WE COLLABORATE WITH WRITERS AND INCREASE THEIR OUTPUT.

SECRETARIAT BUREAU.
We have a specialised Secretarial Bureau through which authors, journalists, publicists, and others can have their letters, articles, and other MSS. TYPED, DUPLICATED and SYNDICATED throughout the English-speaking world at the lowest possible cost.

CONFIDENTIAL MATTER SHOULD BE MARKED ON THE ENVELOPE "STRICTLY PRIVATE" and addressed to The Director, The London Secretariat, 2, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Regent 1639.

BOOKS, PRINTS, and MSS. BOUGHT, or VALUED for PROBATE.
By HENRY SOTHERAN & Co., 140, Strand, and 43, Piccadilly.
Telephone: Central 1515.
Telegraphic Address: Bookmen, London.
Established in 1816.

EXCELLENT BANK NOTEPAPER. Sample ream (480 sheets, 10 by 8), 5s. 3d.; 3 for 14s. 6d.; 6 for 27s., post free.
COURT ENVELOPES, 1,000 12s. 6d.; 500, 6s. 6d. Samples free for 1d. stamp.—Charles Ericson & Co., 2, Tudor-street, E.C.4.

AMUSEMENTS.

EVERYMAN THEATRE, HAMPSTEAD TUBE STATION.

Nightly at 7.15, Mat. every Saturday at 2.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

All seats booked in advance, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Hampstead 7224.

"QUALITY
AND
FLAVOUR"

BOURNVILLE COCOA
See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate.

MADE UNDER
IDEAL
CONDITIONS

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

NEITHER at home nor in the international sphere is the position of public finance reassuring. At home uneasiness increases at the scale of national expenditure, while the feverish movements of the exchanges remind us forcibly of world economic troubles still unsolved. Falling prices and business stagnation in some important quarters are still features of the domestic position, Bradford, Mincing Lane, and Manchester being uneasy as to the outlook in the face of the absence of buyers. The facile prophecy that the conclusion of the coal strike would serve to revive demand and make business brisk has not been justified, except perhaps in the iron and steel trades. It is somewhat remarkable that in spite of the uncertain outlook very heavy issues of new industrial capital are being made. This heavy issue campaign is doubtless a contributory cause of the paucity of business and weakness of general tone on the Stock Exchange. But, unfortunately, other and more potent causes of market depression exist in plenty. A fair volume of Continental selling has developed; there has been a severe decline in Wall Street; while disturbing events are taking place in the Crimea, Greece, and elsewhere. Under the present combination of circumstances, domestic and foreign, confidence is hardly to be looked for. Mr. McKenna's remarks at Manchester last night, especially on the subject of reducing expenditure, should be helpful. For, if he said nothing really new, he said it not only with the lucidity and knowledge of an ex-Chancellor, but also with the high prestige of a great Bank Chairman, voicing the opinion of the City.

PUBLIC AND LOCAL FINANCE.

A financial point of great importance was raised in the House of Commons on Monday. The House has, in theory, complete control over expenditure which has to be met out of taxes. In these days there is a great volume of Government legislation which involves expenditure by Local Authorities to be met, not out of taxes, but out of rates. Over such expenditure the House has no control. But such expenditure is assuming such proportions that the appointment of a Select Committee to investigate the possibility of the assumption of some control by the Commons is to be welcomed by the taxpayer, who is also finding himself even more heavily burdened in the matter of rates.

Another link between national and local finance is the fact that of subscriptions to Savings Certificates, half the amount raised in any particular district is handed to the Local Authority for housing purposes. This fact should make Savings Certificates better supported than they are. By subscribing to them everyone can help housing in his own district, and these Certificates are infinitely more suitable to the small investor than the ordinary run of local Housing Bonds.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT STOCKS.

Quite a feature of the stock markets in recent weeks has been the steady rise in a number of foreign Government securities. To illustrate this I set out below the rise from the lowest quotation of 1920 for representative securities of sixteen foreign countries:—

Coupons payable in London.	Method of Redemption and Final Year of Maturity.	Price		
		Lowest Price 1920.	Nov. 17, 1920.	Rise from Lowest
Argentine 5% 1886-7	Half-Yearly Dwg. (1929)	86½	90	13½
Belgian 3% 1914	Yearly Dwg. (1940)	45½	56	10½
Brazilian 5% Fdg. 1914	Dwgs begin 1927	58	58	—
Chilian 4½% 1886	Pur. or Dwg.	63½	80	16½
Chinese 5% 1896	Yearly Dwg. (1933)	66½	76½	10
Egyptian 4% Unified	Pur. or Dwg.	61½	65	3½
Japanese 4% 1905	Begin 1921 (Finish 1931)	65½	82	16½
Mexican 5%	Pur. or Dwg.	39	63	24
Norwegian 3% 1886	Pur. or Dwg.	40	44	4
Portuguese 3%	Pur. or Dwg.	25½	25½	—
Swedish 3½% 1880	Yearly Dwg. (1930)	78½	81	2½
Coupons payable Abroad.				
Danish 3% 1894	At Government Option	32	32	—
Dutch 2½%	Purchases only	45	45	—
French 3% Rentes	Perpetual	24½	26	1½
Do. 5%	After 1931	42	45½	3½
Italian 3½% Rentes	None fixed	21½	21½	—
Swiss Federal Rly. 3½%	Yearly dwgs. (1962)	62½	64½	2

The large advance shown by Mexican 5 per cents. is

explained largely by the improved outlook in that country, while Portuguese 3 per cents. are held back by the somewhat disturbed economic condition in Portugal. In some cases an influence helping these stocks has been the approach of the redemption date, or of years of heavier proportional drawings. In view of the chance of a drawing at par Belgian 3 per cents., even after their ten points rise, are by no means unattractive.

SOME BIG NEW ISSUES.

Another big Colonial Loan is before the public, the Government of New South Wales offering £4,000,000 of 6½ per cent. stock at par, redeemable in 1940. This is a sound trustee security. Second place in importance must be given to yet another issue by Lever Brothers, this time of £4,500,000 20 per cent. cumulative preferred ordinary shares of 5s. each at the price of 10s. 9d. per share. If this issue were to be judged simply and solely on the merits of the prospectus in which the offer is made, one might hesitate to recommend it. But Lord Leverhulme's record of success is so wonderful that once again he has the right to expect a large response from the investing public. Sheffield Steel Products Limited, an amalgamation of ten Sheffield cutlery and light trade concerns, offers to the public 1,000,000 10 per cent. cumulative preference shares at par. These are a fair offer, the degree of inevitable industrial risk involved being compensated by the 10 per cent. rate. An offer of 481,875 £1 shares in Siemens Brothers & Co., the famous electrical engineering concern, is made by the British Bank of Foreign Trade, at the price of 22s. per share. The task of providing ordinary capital for important British industries like this must, under present circumstances, devolve mainly upon those who have a comfortable margin of income. To such persons these Siemens shares may legitimately appeal. The company's business is soundly established, and its order books are well filled. Existing ordinary shares in the Company were recently quoted on the Stock Exchange at 25s., and the comparative lowness of the yield at that price is a tribute to market estimates of the Company's position and prospects. A fifth big issue is that of Ebbw Vale, the well-known iron, coal, and steel concern. This issue is of £1,500,000 8 per cent. seven year notes at 98½ per cent., repayable at par on January 1st, 1928. The prospectus shows that the present position of the Company offers note-holders good hope. These short-term note issues by industrial concerns are becoming fashionable, and though some of them doubtless offer a favorable opportunity, the cautious investor must remember that they do not, as a rule, carry the degree of sound security possessed by debentures.

AERATED BREAD COMPANY.

The middle years of the war brought very difficult times for many catering concerns, among them the A.B.C. In 1915-16 the net profits of this Company descended to just over £17,000, while in the following year, 1916-17, a net loss of £14,683 was recorded. Two years or so ago the Company swallowed Buszards, the famous cake firm, and since then has enjoyed a strong recovery. In 1918-19 net profits were £151,950, and in the year ending September 30th, 1920, £165,550. In the former year 30 per cent. was paid on the ordinary shares, and last year 25 per cent. The lower rate last year, however, actually meant an increase in the amount distributed of over £32,500, for the capital has been increased. During the past year the capital of the Company was increased to £977,500 by the issue of 552,500 shares of £1 each. Of these new shares, 488,750 were issued to shareholders as a free bonus in respect of accumulated reserves and share premiums. The swift and substantial recovery recorded is very welcome to the large number of small investors in London who are holders of A.B.C. shares. At the present price the A.B.C. ordinary shares yield over 14½ per cent., on the basis of the 25 per cent. dividend. But it must always be remembered that catering profits are subject to much fluctuation and keen competition.

L. J. R.

es
n
st
ss
y
nn
re
0,
ne
te
nn
ny
El
e-
es
ry
ll
at
ll
tit
tet

es
n
st
ss
y
n
re
0,
ne
te
nt
en
y
E1
e-
es
ry
ll
At
4½
it
ct